THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI
No. 1783

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MARCH 24
1934

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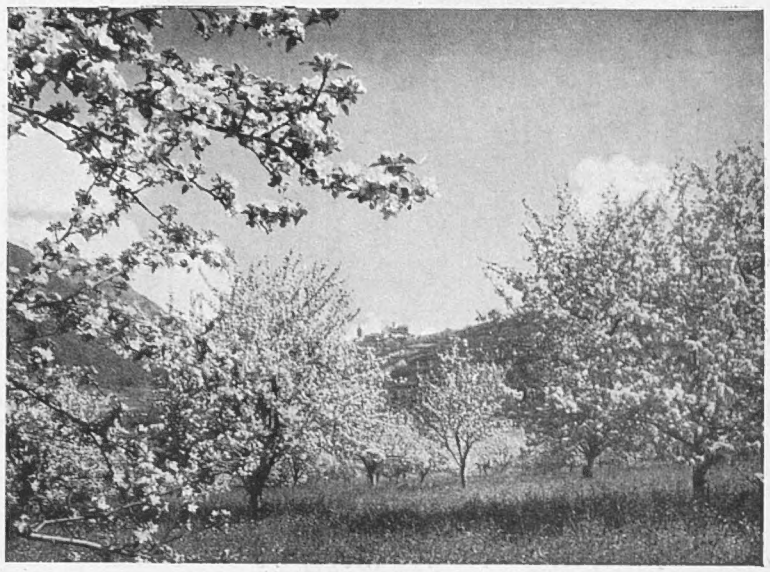
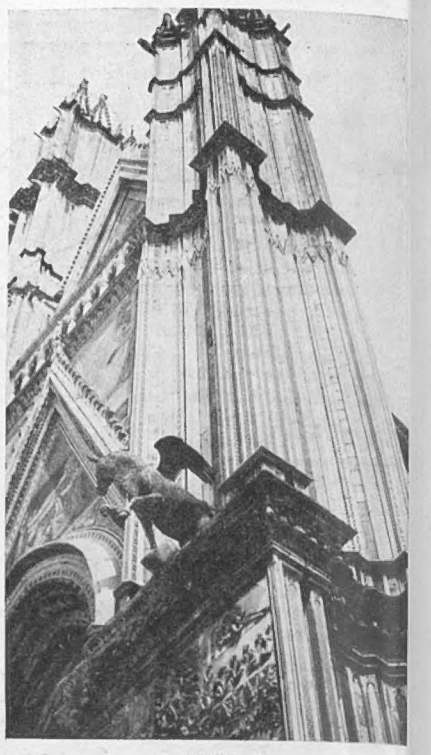


SPRINGTIME IN MERANO



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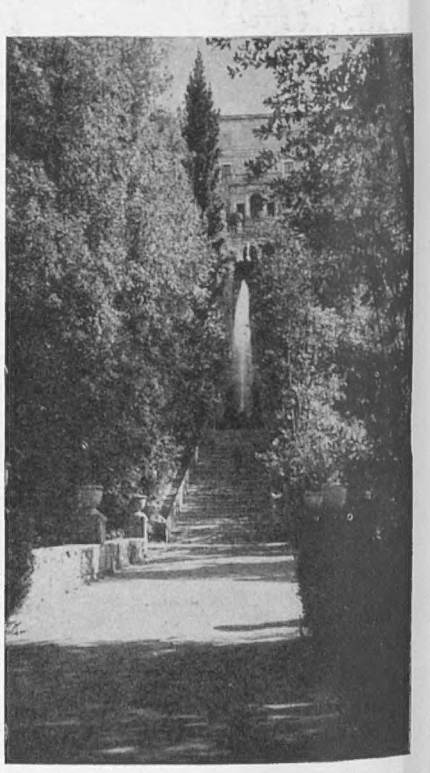

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Everyone who loves books will appreciate the importance of a charity which offers assistance to the men and women who work in the making up of books. The Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation seeks to alleviate the distress of poverty and old age for printers and their widows by the granting of pensions, and by the maintenance of permanent residences for them.

They also maintain an excellent orphanage for the orphan children of printers where they are well looked after in every way.

These old printers, their widows and children, would like to enjoy the good things in life as we do. Will you help them to have their wish by sending gifts or donations to Mr. R. H. Lucas, secretary, Hanover House, 73–78, High Holborn, W.C.1?

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

The Society is in urgent need of donations and legacies to assist them in their great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women. The Society has homes at Bisley, Esher, London, Orpington, Royston, and Twickenham, and the training ship *Arethusa*; 1,100 children are always being maintained. The Society has been carrying on this great work for the last ninety-one years. Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Society's headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The N.S.P.C.C.

The lives of over four million children have been made brighter and happier through the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Society helps on an average four little children every five minutes of every working day. Often the cruelty to which these children are subjected is wilful, but there is also much misery caused to defenceless children by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst ignorance, poverty, and drink are other contributory causes. Whatever the cause the N.S.P.C.C. has well-tried methods for combating it, only proceeding to invoke the law when all other means fail. The aim of its 263 "Children's Men" is to win the confidence of parents or guardians and arouse the latent sense of parental responsibility—education as opposed to persecution. The national character of the work is reflected in valuable contributions to the legislation of this country, including the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Acts of 1889, 1894, and 1904. These untiring efforts to give joy instead of misery, happiness instead of degradation and ruin, have well earned for the N.S.P.C.C. the familiar title of "the national godfather." Gifts for the work which is now in its Jubilee Year will be welcomed by Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

The Royal Surgical Aid Society

Each year the Annual Report of the Royal Surgical Aid Society contains convincing proof of the immense value of the work it has carried on so successfully for seventy-two years.

A young woman, whose husband is a casual labourer, was in need of a special belt for abdominal support. It was supplied. She wrote: "The belt is a great help and comfort to me and already I feel much better. In fact, my people can see the change in me. Oh, it is a joy to me to know that I can walk about without all those dreadful pains! Thank you for all the beautiful work put into the belt and for your great love and sympathy for the sick and suffering of this world. May God bless you all."

Since the beneficent work of the Society was established in 1862 it has supplied over 1,500,000 suitable appliances to those in urgent need of such assistance, thus enabling multitudes to retain their employment or go back to work fit and able to perform their duties.

All the appliances are fitted by experts. Inquiries are made as to the means and circumstances of applicants. Those who can afford to do so are encouraged to contribute towards the cost.

Letters of recommendation can be obtained at the rate of four for each guinea subscribed. This system brings subscribers into personal touch with the patients—giving to the bestowal of this charity that touch of human kindness which makes the whole world kin.

Further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. Richard C. Tresidder, Royal Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

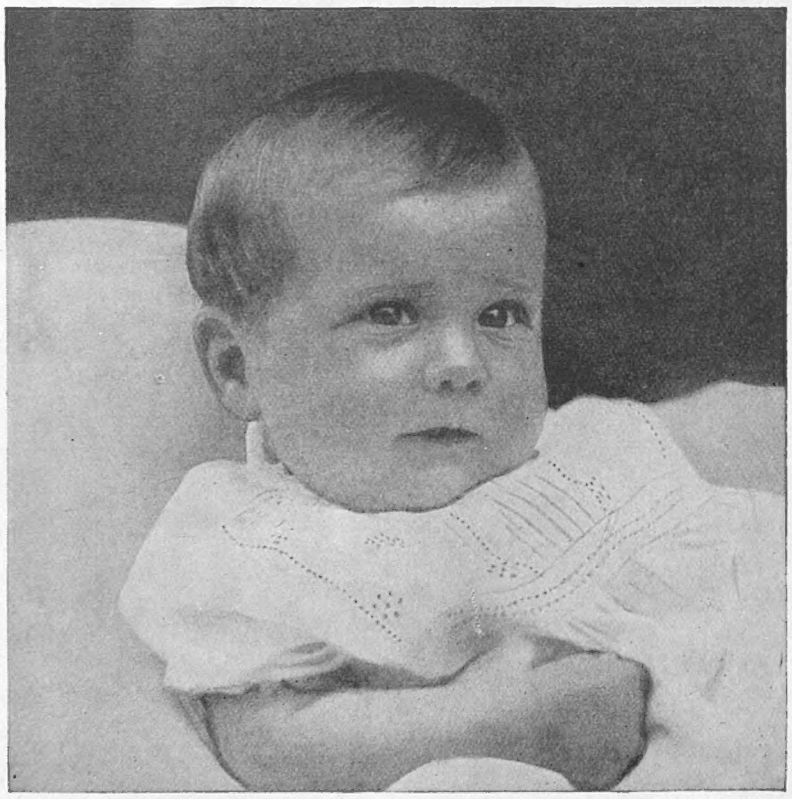
An Ever-Open Door

What better symbol could there be for the largest fold for children in the world than an Ever-Open Door? It is the symbol of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, for their charter is "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission." 114,102 children in all have entered this fold. Last year alone 1,735 children entered the homes through this ever-open door and the flock now numbers 8,478 boys and girls and babies, who need feeding, clothing, and training. A large number are received as infants. There are no fewer than 1,323 babies and toddlers under five years of age at present in the homes. Apart from 3,905 children boarded-out in over 1,000 cottage homes throughout the length and breadth of the English countryside, where they receive that individual attention from their foster-parents which is the birthright of every child, there are 185 separate households, cottages, and branches sheltering this large flock of 8,478 children, which constitutes the largest family in the world. There is the Girls' Village Home where over 1,500 girls are being taught and trained for useful work in years to come. 800 boys of school age are being reared in the Boys' Garden City. The Watts Naval Training School and the Russell Cotes Nautical School prepare suitable lads for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. The William Baker Technical School instructs 300 lads in a variety of useful trades. And up and down the country special homes are caring for delicate or crippled children and achieving marvels in restoring weak little bodies to health. Your help in this great work would be appreciated—no gift is too small; none too large.

The Waifs and Strays Society

There are to-day some 4,500 children being provided for and educated by the Waifs and Strays Society. Anyone who wants to see over any of the homes, whether for tiny mites or bigger children, is really welcomed. The matrons and nurses are proud of their little charges. No one is importuned for help; that is strictly "not done." You can take a little fatherless or motherless child as your own special charge if you wish, and to be a patron of any child entirely in the homes costs £36 a year; but if you can't do so much as that, the smallest gift will be welcome. Anyone interested in the Society may communicate with the Secretary at the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



One of a Family of 8,500 Boys and Girls and Babies.
Over 25,000 meals have to be provided daily.

Please send
AN EASTER GIFT
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to help the Homes to carry on their work among the Nation's orphan and destitute little ones.
115,000 Children already admitted.

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1843 1934

FOR NINETY-ONE YEARS THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

HAVE CARRIED ON THE GLORIOUS WORK OF TRAINING POOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO BECOME GOOD AND USEFUL MEN AND WOMEN

1,100 children are always being maintained in the Society's Homes at Bisley, Esher, London, Orpington, Royston and Twickenham, and in the Training Ship "Arethusa."

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED

PLEASE HELP US TO MAINTAIN OUR LARGE FAMILY OF 1,100

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President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Are you a 'Children's Man'?

Many children seem to have a specially fond Uncle or Aunt or friend, but have you ever thought of the thousands without a friend in the world—with cruel, callous or depraved parents? For them the N.S.P.C.C. was founded. It is now celebrating its 50th year of service and over 4,000,000 children have been ensured a happier life. There are now 263 N.S.P.C.C. 'Children's Men' working for suffering children in England, Wales and Ireland. Will you help some little one by sending a 'Jubilee' Gift to WM. J. ELLIOTT, Director,

N·S·P·C·C·

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Royal Surgical Aid Society

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This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £47,000 a year amongst 1,800 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse inmates. At the forthcoming Election nearly 500 necessitous candidates, both men and women, are seeking its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of every one who believes in helping those who help themselves. No Orphan has ever been refused.

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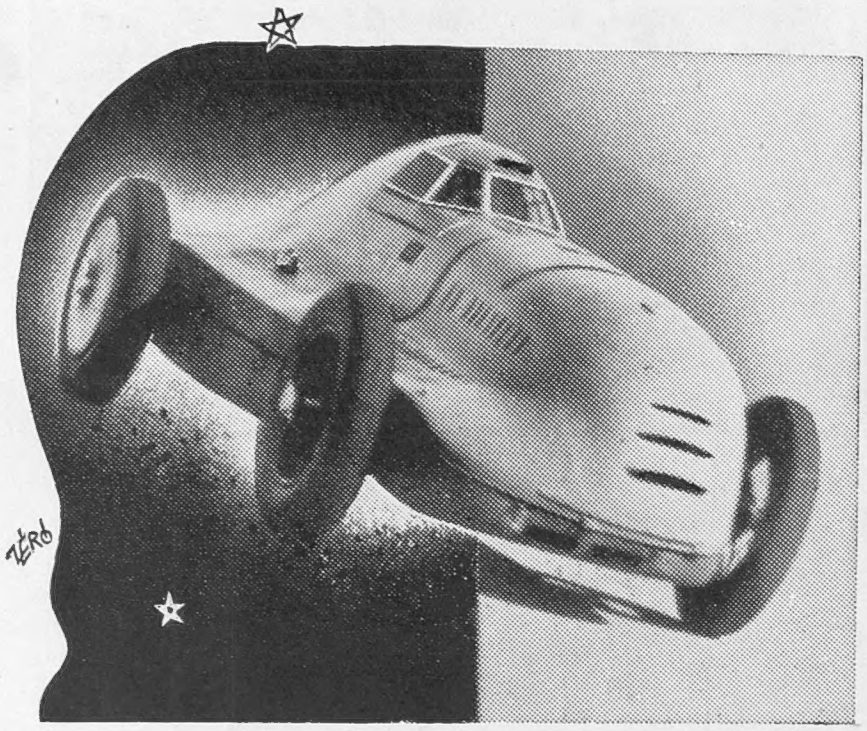

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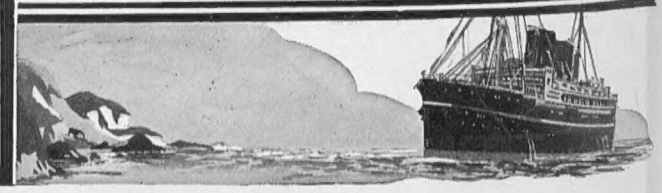


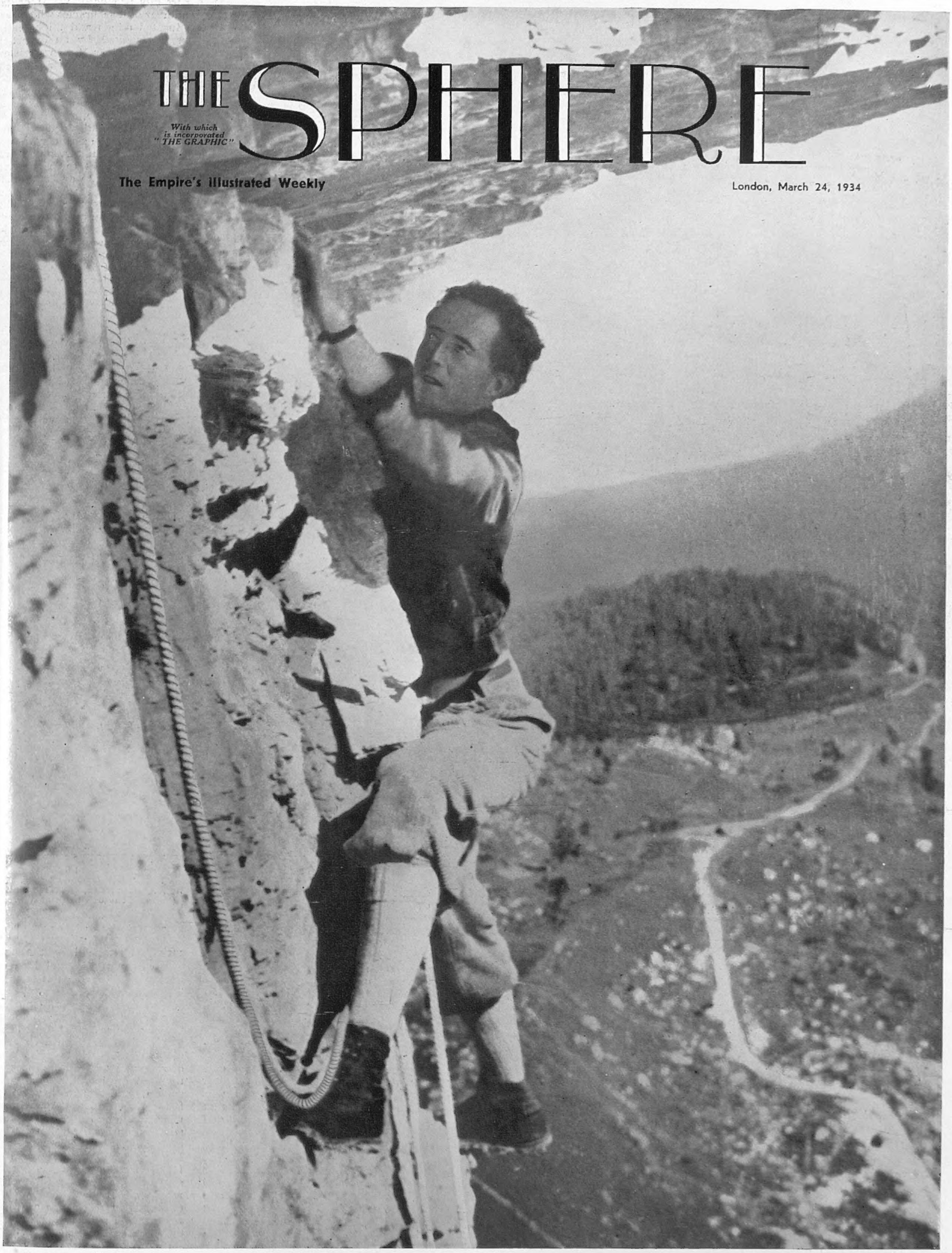
L.A.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 24, 1934



BELGIUM'S INTREPID MONARCH

King Leopold III Climbing a Difficult Peak in the Dolomites

It is not generally known in this country that King Leopold III is an enthusiastic and accomplished mountaineer. His father, the late King Albert, who met his death so tragically on the rocky pinnacle of the Corneille at Marche-les-Dames, was known throughout the world as a daring climber, but this picture reveals, for the first time, the extent to which his son shared his interest. At the beginning of February King Leopold, then Duke of Brabant, spent a holiday in the Italian Dolomites before proceeding to Switzerland for the winter sports. On this holiday he climbed many of the peaks well known to his father, and is seen here negotiating a perpendicular rock-face which only a skilled mountaineer would attempt. It was only a few days after this that the tragedy at Marche-les-Dames occurred. To-day it is a matter for conjecture whether King Leopold will continue to indulge in this somewhat perilous hobby. (Further exclusive pictures will be found on page 423)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

SEEING THE SIGHTS BEFORE THE MATCH: An unusually large crowd assembled to watch the changing of the guard on Saturday last, many hundreds of excursionists having arrived in London from Scotland to attend the England v. Scotland Rugby match at Twickenham

THE SOLDIERS' GRAND NATIONAL: The field taking the first fence in the Cup at Sandown Park. The race was won by Mr. T. Walls, Junr., which was trained for him by his father, Mr. Tom Walls. Mr. Walls, the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 21, 1934.

A NOBLE FIVE-YEAR PLAN. — The local authorities throughout Britain have finely responded to the Government's Whip for slum clearance. In the next four years, if all goes well (and of course the snags are innumerable), as much slum clearance will have been achieved as was achieved in the past sixty years. Which implies a speeding-up by 7,000 per cent.; the demolition of a quarter of a million condemned dwellings; the building of that number and more houses to replace them, and in short, the rehousing under decent conditions of 1,200,000 citizens, at an estimated cost of £1 per head of persons rescued from slum torture. The scheme will give a great fillip to the building trade and provide continuous employment for 100,000 men. Not content with clearance, the Minister of Health is pressing forward his reconditioning bill and programme. Certainly the national conscience is broad awake on this vital problem; it has indeed galvanized into activity, far more swiftly than such awakenings usually do, the Government and local governments. Let us remember that the Government's great conversion measures ultimately are responsible for making possible these immense programmes financially. The ratepayer, of course, must bear an added burden on his shoulders, the taxpayer may not improbably look in vain for long anticipated relief. If 60 per cent. of the promised programmes are achieved in the next five years, and if the new houses can be let at rents which tenants can afford to pay, then indeed the Ministry of Health and all concerned may congratulate themselves on a wonderful achievement, reformation, and renaissance.

TITLES IN CANADA.—Last week by one of its narrowest majorities Mr. Bennett's Government defeated a Labour resolution which urged that no recommendations should be put forward for the award of titles and honours to British subjects resident in Canada. Some weeks ago I pointed out the extent to which a vulgar error or looseness of description has influenced this burning question in Canada. It is an error which still persists and is not confined to Canada. It is the error of describing the vehicle of the King's prerogative as the "Titles" list instead of as the "Honours" list. Neither Mr. Bennett nor any of his supporters envisages the bestowal of hereditary titles on Canadians. The creation of peerages or baronetcies is no longer contemplated, and even the bestowal of knighthoods will be very rare. Mr. Bennett's arguments may be restated, for they are entirely sound. The bestowal of Honours is a very ancient and very proper exercise of the Royal prerogative. It is not only a just but it is the only means whereby notable services in the professions, and in the causes of science, art, and social reform can be acknowledged, distinguished, and rewarded; as such it is popular and it is respected. Mr. Bennett rightly considers that Canada would appear in a churlish and petty light if alone among the communities of the Empire she stood out from the King's gracious desire to exercise his prerogative in thus acknowledging the services of distinguished men and women of the Empire who have done good service outside politics. Neither for himself nor for any other Canadian has Mr. Bennett ever envisaged the bestowal of an hereditary title.

FILMING THE ODYSSEY.—By all means let the filming of this finest story in the world proceed at once. Let it be undertaken by a British company employing British artists (since even the Greeks recommend that honour to British scholarship and British taste and initiative), *but* let this latest film endeavour to strike at long last a new note—the recognition of the principle that, not box office receipts nor all the devices implied in that end (smartness, sensation, sex appeal, and sniggers) but a humble and expert research after accuracy (in the cause of education) shall be the keynote. We have grown sick of seeing the shoddy results of the exploitation of the world's great stories by vulgar and commercial minds. Always, even in historical episodes in which some regard to accuracy has been paid, we have found evidence of the hubris of the producers. Knowing too well that commercial success depends ultimately on the favour of the semi-educated, they never yet have gone to work with sufficient humility and sufficient determination to achieve accuracy. Their audience, they hold, can savour atmosphere without the concomitant of accuracy in details. *Disraeli* was in many respects a film carefully produced, yet it contained a number of inaccuracies which jarred on educated minds and might easily have been corrected by an expert adviser (*e.g.* no Earl or Viscount has ever yet suffered himself to be announced at a reception in a private house as the Earl of— or Viscount—). And as in small, so in large. The Odyssey is a great educational force, containing a great store of the world's acquired knowledge and experience as it contains a great store of human nature and lore. It is far too important to be the victim of vulgarization or to suffer the indignity of interpretation for commercial ends by worldly-wise ignoramuses. There are scores of scholars ready and willing to give their advice, advice which would ensure an accurate interpretation and a wonderful, dignified, and educative film.

By which I do not mean to rule out comedy or love (which are among the greatest forces in human life) nor to reject the services of comedians and popular actresses experienced in these fields. I do but urge that the great story should be interpreted with the accuracy to detail which it deserves and not prostituted for commercial ends nor butchered to make a bank holiday attraction. Still, in the face of constant disappointment, I cling to the belief that truth, merit, and humble research pay dividends.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.—It is curious to note how the continuing deprivation of personal liberty, in an age which boasts that it is fighting for liberty, is beginning to awake profound anxiety among liberal-minded men. The crimes committed in the name of liberty were never so crimson as to-day, and in discourses by every medium men of intelligence and sanity are citing glaring and terrible instances to prove that the ideal of freedom for thought, speech, and action has no material foundation, and that man grows daily more and more loaded with fetters. The substitution of the robot for the free individual, of the machine-made type for the natural man possessing an outlet for his peculiar genius, is not the result solely of a particular form of political reaction. It owes as much to the development of science as to political reaction. The appalling evolution is in evidence in England under a pre-War form of democratic government, to a degree not less significant, if less critical, than in Germany. But because it has developed with such breathless speed in Germany, the principles and practices of Hitlerism or, broadly, Fascist principles, are cited as the prime tyrant. At this juncture, quietly but with determination, representatives of the Nazi regime are seeking in England and other countries to secure a wider sympathy in Europe for the aspirations of Hitlerism. It is not to be supposed that when they come among thinking men, they come up against a stone wall of apathy or antipathy. It is patent that

the tragedy of Germany, brought about by the madness of civilization in the years which led to the War, and brought to a head by the blindness, greed, and folly of world statesmen after the War, is sympathetically appreciated by thinking men everywhere. It is realized that the Nazi movement was inevitable in Germany following the destruction of tradition, all ideals, and all respect for the older generation which the revolutions in Germany caused. A nation overweeningly proud and thin skinned was humbled beyond endurance, and a generation arose, lacking a disciplined childhood, and all those standards of moral and political conduct which proud traditions, high ideals, and respect for their elders bring. Such material was tinder for the flame of Hitlerism. It is only necessary to read Toller's *I Was a German* or Moss's *I Face the Stars* to be assured of the truth, and of the power of the flame. But when it comes to seeking sympathy for the movement in countries where the ideal of personal liberty is still not entirely effaced, the representatives of Hitlerism have much to explain away.

THE WORST FEATURE OF HITLERISM.—In the movement's concentrated attack on all forms of personal liberty, I am of opinion that our loathing of the campaign is not to-day solely based on our love of justice. Since the War, we have seen so

The Grand Military Gold in his mare Crafty Alice, Junr., is a subaltern in

many aspects of gross injustice that our senses are blunted. It is not the injustice but the blind stupidity of the Nazi policy that is the chief ground for our detestation of such methods. Here in England we see with anxiety the mass production of robot men and robot opinion proceeding apace at the dictates of science and the advance of the machine. We see one by one the essentials of a cultured and pleasant existence destroyed, and we revolt from the stupidity of a nation like Germany, which so long insisted on its kultur, actively assisting in and hastening the destruction of what men of culture hold most dear, actively engaged in forcing on society the worst horrors which are observed in microcosm in a travesty of a stupid cavalry regiment or private school, that is to say, the destruction of all individual character, imagination, and opinion, and the creation (under the slogan of esprit de corps or patriotism or nationalism) of a mass-produced, machine-made type of citizen, of opinion, of character. In such a bleak and dreary world, no man of taste could wish to live. Life in such circumstances is not worth living and is indeed far worse than the worst form of slavery and imprisonment, for mind and body alike are enslaved and dressed in broad-arrowed uniform. This policy of Germany is the policy of one who throws away the peach and eats the stone, who crushes the nut under foot and swallows the husk. In the generations which have gone before, changes ahead have always given anxiety to men at the end of their lives, but hitherto time has sufficed them. "I die happy but I pity you," said the dying Fox. And so in the same sense generation after generation of great thinkers have testified at their end. The fault of Hitlerism lies in this: that it blindly removes that merciful dispensation of Providence whereby each generation may die happy in some remnant of the traditions in which it was born, and the rising generation may grow acclimatized to the new conditions before it is called on to face them unprotected and in the open.

"VICE VERSA."—What middle-aged man who in his boyhood set store by reading can hear of the death of "F. Anstey" without regret and a surge of memories? The pleasure which in boyhood I derived from *Vice Versa* and *Voces Populi* was immense and that pleasure has not greatly diminished in middle age. Perhaps my second childhood is coming, for I find in the stark and grim reality of modern fiction a curiously intense relief in returning to the fantasy of Anstey, so pointed, so full of humanity, so witty, as it was. What a gallery of immortals he gave us in *Vice Versa* and in *The Talking Horse*, that inimitable chaplet of short story gems, and in his side-splitting farce, *The Man from Blankley's* (with Charles Hawtrey in the title part). He had a wonderful knowledge of child psychology—bachelors always know most about children; he could draw to the life the human school boy; he could see into the mind of the middle-class family and has recorded for posterity the voice of the man-in-the-street of the late Victorian era. And he was nuts on dogs, too. *Vice Versa* is as much a classic as *Alice in Wonderland*. It stands on my shelf beside *Perrin and Traill* in the school section. *Paleface and Redskin* and *Marjory* from *The Talking Horse* are inimitable revelations of the humour and pathos of imaginative childhood. *Voces Populi* is invaluable social history. And still it remains to praise Anstey as a late Victorian Hans Andersen. Who can assess the amount of pleasure which this charming and versatile man has given to his country and who, attempting it, can over-rate his place in our literature? "Vice-versatile," he was smartly labelled. In the trial of *Vice Versa* versus Vice, I find for the plaintiff.

MRS. BOILEAU'S POLITICAL BELIEFS.—In reviewing Mrs. Boileau's *When Yellow Leaves*, I dared to say that "Mrs. Boileau is a tremendous Tory." Mrs. Boileau now writes: "Mrs. Boileau is most definitely not a Tory as any of her friends could tell. If she has any party politics, she belongs to the extreme left wing of the Conservative Party, which is hardly distinguishable from the Socialist. She does not believe that the private ownership of land is in these days either possible or desirable. She believes in the co-operative state and in planned economy." It occurs to me (quite irrelevantly) to wonder whether indeed political labels have come full circle and the label "Tory," once "a term of abuse," is so once more. For any who may be interested in Mrs. Boileau's party politics I am glad to afford authorized publicity concerning them.

THE SUMMER GAME.—At the headquarters of English cricket and at many more great county headquarters, committees and groundsmen are stirring out of their winter sleep, if those who watch the interests of a game on which the sun never sets can be said to sleep. Anyway there is much urgent work that needs attention. The turf is already wearing a new veil of paler green and covered wickets are being rigged up for the schoolboys whose bats will soon ring out cheerfully from behind the dingy walls of London's cricket grounds. And then there are important decisions to be made, responsible positions to be filled. The Australians will soon be starting here; it is high time that the public knew who will compose that all-important selection committee (which usually gets more of the kicks than the ha'pence). And, that settled, who is to captain England? It is certain that Jardine will not be available to captain Surrey, for his successor has been appointed. It does not seem certain that he will, as his plans are understood, be in England in time to take part in the necessary deliberations and training before the first Test Match begins. If he is not, who is to take his place? Here are grave matters, which at the moment I confess impress me most as signs that winter is positively nearly over, and that the Big Ball is swinging back with his small satellite in attendance.

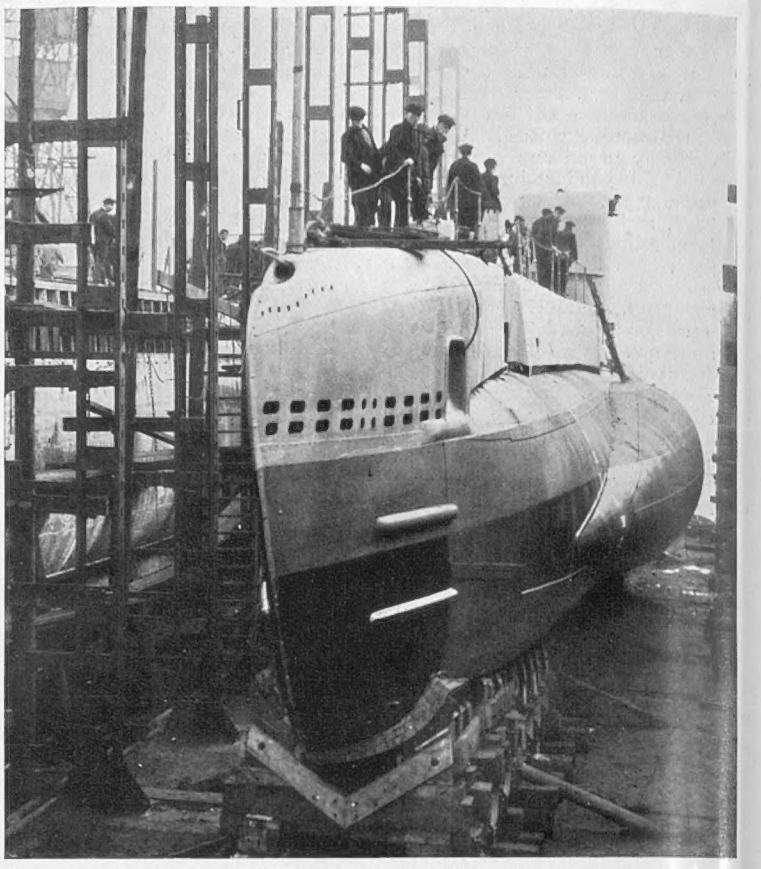
FAMOUS SPORTING FIXTURES.—Meanwhile the last of the great winter fixtures have absorbed public interest and dislocated London's traffic. At no time in our history has sport so dominated public interest as now. For generations the Boat Race stood out in splendid isolation (a rival to Derby Day) as a public sporting holiday. To-day it has scores of rivals, yet it has somehow maintained a wonderful proportion of its popularity, despite the fact that the Oxford crew, all too often chopped and changed in the late stages of training, had to face an unbroken series of ten Cambridge victories. It is probably safe to say that no one who reads this paragraph, whether in London or Lerwick or Larnaka or Launceston (Tasmania) would thank me for correcting the Boat Race statistics to date. What a week end of sport it was! How many distraught fans must have torn their hair or spun their half-dollars to decide the venue—Hammersmith Bridge, Twickenham, Huddersfield, Sandown Park. How interesting it would be to know whether any of them managed to see some part of three out of these attractive features.

THE OLD STAGER.

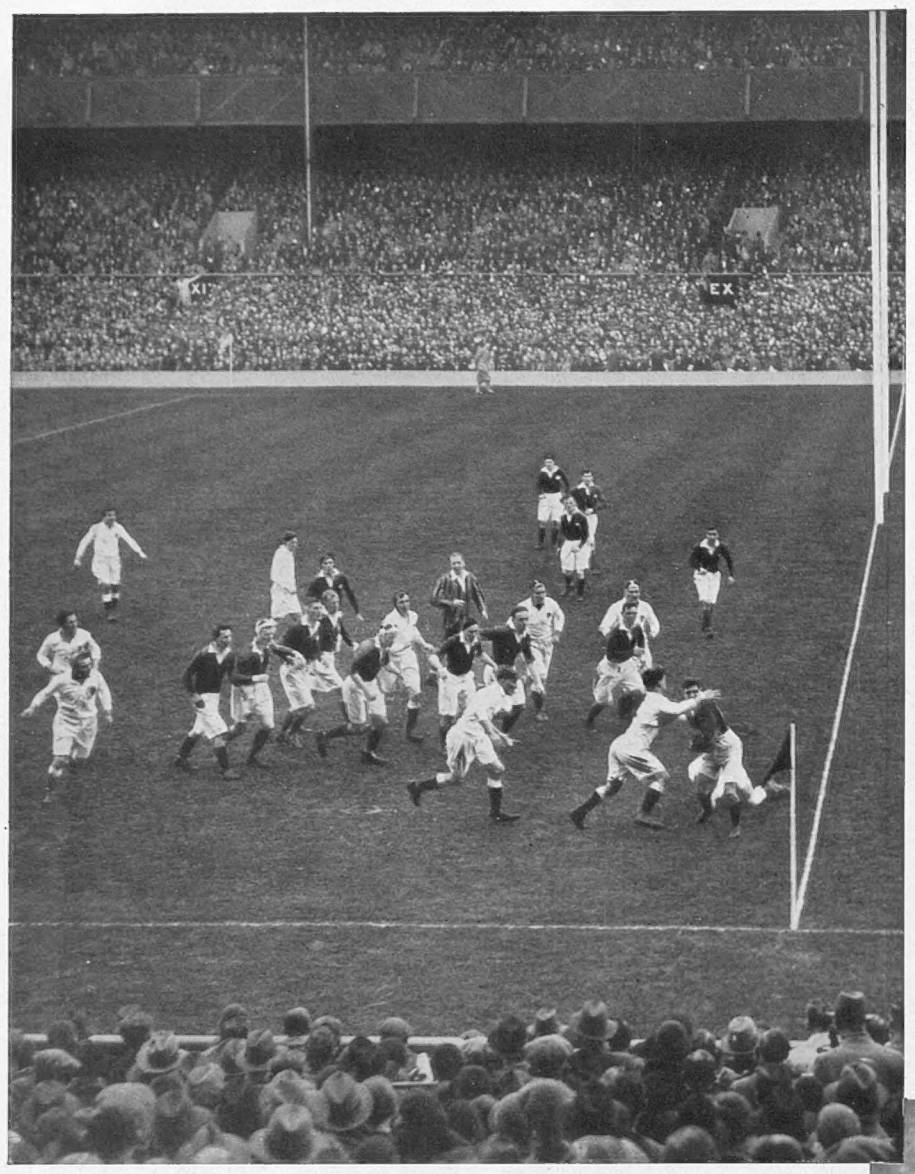
THE STUMBLING BLOCK: Thousands of people visited Aintree last Sunday to inspect the jumps on the Grand National course. This picture shows the landing side of Becher's Brook

PUSHING THE STRAND A TRIFLE NORTHWARD: The pavement on the south side of the road in between Charing Cross Station and Trafalgar Square is extremely narrow, so 5 ft. is being added to it at the expense of the less-frequented pavement on the north side, near South Africa House

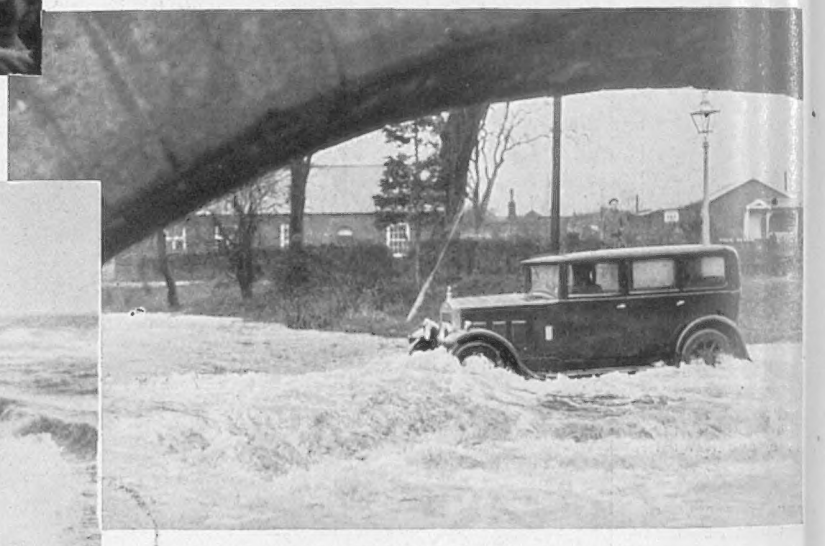
A CURRENT NEWS SURVEY



THE LAUNCH OF THE "SEALION": A new British submarine going down the slipway at Messrs. Cammell, Laird's yards at Birkenhead. The *Sealion* has a displacement of 640 tons and a speed of 13¾ knots. A sister ship, which is on adjoining stocks, will probably be launched at the end of next month



ENGLAND WINS THE TRIPLE CROWN: The Scottish line in danger during last Saturday's Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham in which England beat Scotland by six points to three. As they had previously beaten Wales and Ireland, England became the 1934 Rugby champions



WHERE THE DROUGHT IS DEFINITELY OVER: After several days of rain and snow many roads and fords in the North of England are flooded. This picture was taken at Ovingham Ford, Northumberland

THE 20-TON YACHT, "HALLY LISE," BEING POUNDED AGAINST BOURNEMOUTH PROMENADE as desperate efforts were made to save her from destruction. A short while before, the boat had capsized off Boscombe Pier, and thrilling scenes were witnessed while the two occupants were being brought to safety

HOLLAND IN MOURNING: Queen Emma, the Dowager Queen of Holland (left), who died this week at the Royal Palace at The Hague. She was seventy-five years of age and for several days had been seriously ill with bronchitis. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, is her niece, The other three members of the Dutch royal family in this group are Princess Juliana, the Prince Consort, and Queen Wilhelmina

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE IN DUBLIN: Mr. Frank Aiken, Minister for Defence, taking the salute at the march past of the Free State Army at College Green. Two companies of the new volunteer force, of which Mr. De Valera's son is a member, took part in the parade

KING LEOPOLD THE MOUNTAINEER

Further Exclusive Pictures Taken on a Recent Climbing Holiday in the Dolomites

IN A PERILOUS POSITION: King Leopold, who was Duke of Brabant when these pictures were taken in February of this year, climbing a difficult peak

HALF-WAY UP: Another picture of the King showing him standing on a rocky ledge hundreds of feet above a valley in the Dolomites. Only a man of outstanding mountaineering ability would attempt to negotiate such a rock-face

THE CLIMBING PARTY: King Leopold, with his guides Giovanni Andrich (left), Attilio Tissi, and Domenico Rudatis (right), about to start out on a climbing expedition. *Left*—Gazing at the ascent before him

The late King Albert was particularly fond of the Dolomites and during the last few years of his life was a frequent visitor to the region. In 1932 he scaled the Crozzon di Brenta, a 10,000-ft. peak which at one time was considered inaccessible

FIVE THOUSAND ZULUS DANCE BEFORE

A Remarkable Spectacle at Pietermaritzburg, and Other Pictures Taken During the Prince's Tour of South Africa

WAITING TO GREET THE ROYAL TRAIN: A quaintly-dressed family party at a wayside station in the Transkei. *Right* — Children listening to Prince George's address at Port Alfred, Eastern Provinces

THE FRENZY OF THE DANCE: Another impression of the Zulu warriors during their two-hour dance before Prince George at Pietermaritzburg

IN NECK BANDS AND LOIN

PRINCE GEORGE

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SIGHT: The dance of the Zulu warriors which took place before Prince George at Pietermaritzburg, Natal. The warriors, dancing and singing in accordance with ancient tribal rites, wore elaborate dresses of oxtails and feathers. They continued for two hours, in spite of the burning sun, and then feasted off oxen, roasted whole, and drank Kaffir beer

SIRINGS: Zulu women taking part in the dance

Prince George is having a strenuous time in South Africa, and during the past few weeks he has attended functions in all parts of the Union. After leaving Cape Town he visited Port Elizabeth, Durban, and Pietermaritzburg, and on March 11 he arrived in Johannesburg, where he had a welcome which, in warmth of feeling, probably outdid any he had ever before experienced. There he inspected the whole process of gold mining, and then went on to Pretoria, where he attended another immense native gathering similar to that depicted on these pages. On March 17 the Prince was in Kimberley

A ROYAL REWARD: Prince George presenting a gold-mounted walking-stick to one of the chiefs who had danced before him

KING PRAJADHIPOK OF SIAM: He ascended the throne in 1925 and has maintained his popularity in spite of political disturbances

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHUMBHOT, a niece of the King of Siam, who is at present studying art in London

AT THE TOMB OF ITALY'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER: The King of Siam seen during his stay in Rome this month

THE KING OF SIAM'S VISIT TO BRITAIN

A Monarch with Democratic Sympathies

King Prajadhipok of Siam, who arrives in this country in a few days' time, is visiting Europe for a change after the worries of the three revolutions through which his country has just passed.

It was prophesied some half-a-century ago that when the Chakri dynasty had finished 150 years of its rule it would lose its power. That prophecy has come true. For in June, 1932, soon after the 150th anniversary of the accession of the Chakri dynasty to the throne had been celebrated, the first revolution broke out, as a result of which a constitutional Government was established in place of the old autocracy. The revolution was organized by members of the army, navy, and civil service, calling themselves "The People's Party."

Then last April, Phya Manoprokorn, the Minister of Finance, who hated the People's Party, became all-powerful. He forced the officers of the army and navy to sever their connection with the People's Party, obliged the President of the State Council and the Ministers to resign, removed Luang Pradit, the so-called "Communist" leader from the State Council, and dissolved the People's Assembly, thus tearing up the constitution. But he did not remain long in power. For two months later, General Phya Bahol, the former Commander-in-Chief, forced him to resign, arrested him and his followers, secured the return of Luang Pradit—who had been exiled—on the ground that he was a Democrat and not a Communist, and restored the constitution.

The third revolution was led by Prince Bovardej, a former Minister of Defence, with the object of suppressing Socialist and Republican groups in the State Council, and restoring his old privileges to the king. Although he was helped by influential military and naval officers, he failed because the people supported the Government against him.

King Prajadhipok has never been really unpopular with his people, because from the beginning of his reign he has shown democratic sympathies. Soon after he came to the throne in 1925, he created a Supreme Council of State, composed of five citizens of high character and wide experience, to advise him on matters of State. He also abolished the old Privy Council and created a new and more democratic Council in its place. He has made himself popular with his people in other ways also. When, after the first revolution, remission in taxation was granted to the poorer classes, he contributed a large sum from his private income to meet the loss of revenue this caused. He also gave 10,000 ticals to the Red Cross Society for the benefit of the families of soldiers who had been killed in the suppression of the revolt of last October.

The revolution of June, 1932, was really directed against some of the princes who held high positions in the Government and who were opposed to reforms. These princes were also disliked for showing favours to foreigners, a large number of whom had been employed by them in the Government service. And these foreigners, in order to retain their jobs, were also against the introduction of reforms.

There were other causes for the revolution. Taxation was high, and the Salaries Tax was not supplemented by the income tax. The farmers were not able to sell their rice and a great many rice mills at Bangkok had been closed down. The other industries were also in a bad way and consequently there was a great deal of unemployment in the country. The purchasing power of the people being low, the imports of cotton and silk goods and machinery from the British Empire had decreased. Seeing how impossible it was for him to put any of his progressive ideas into practice the British Financial Adviser to the Siamese Government, resigned only a few weeks before the revolution.

By the constitution of June, 1932, the sovereign power is vested in the people and is jointly exercised by the king, the People's Senate, the People's Assembly, and the Law Courts. The executive power is in the hands of a Committee of the Senate. The king cannot issue any order or decree without the approval of this Committee. The ministers are appointed by the Senate and not by the king. For ten years from 1932 the Senate will consist of seventy nominated members, but after that seventy more elected members will be added. From 1932 to 1942 the People's Assembly will consist of seventy nominated and 70 elected members, but at the end of that period all its members will be elected. The elections are indirect on a basis of adult suffrage. All candidates are required to pass an examination in politics on a syllabus prescribed by the Senate.

The members of the Royal Family have been deprived of their privileges. A large number of the old ministers and permanent officials have been dismissed and new officers in the army and navy appointed. Drastic reductions in the salaries of the higher officials have been made and the staffs of the various departments reduced. The executive, legislative, and judicial functions have been separated. The Executive is made responsible to the People's Assembly. The king cannot oppose legislation. He signs the Acts, but if he declines, the Senate has the power to give them validity.

General Phya Bahol, the present Prime Minister, has re-opened the People's Assembly, reduced the taxes paid by the poor, abolished the Salaries Tax, and increased the taxation of the commercial class. Freedom of speech and worship have been granted. He is encouraging political education and working out a scheme of universal primary education. He hopes to link the tical with sterling soon.

The common people have the utmost confidence in the present democratic government. They showed their appreciation of it during the last revolution when a large number of students, unemployed, and others fought against the reactionary leader, Prince Bovardej.

During the last three-quarters of a century very friendly relations have, on the whole, existed between this country and Siam. King Rama IV, who first began the work of introducing modern ideas into his country, engaged Mrs. Leonowens, an English governess, for his son and heir, Prince Chulalankarna, who afterwards ascended the throne under the title of Rama V. King Rama VI, the present King, and a great many other princes, received their education in England. More students are sent by the Siamese Government to this than to any other country. And last year Sir Robert Holland was appointed Judicial Adviser to the Siamese Government. Eighty-five per cent. of the sea-borne trade of Siam is with the British Empire and is largely in the hands of British firms or of Chinese merchants trading from Singapore or Hong Kong.

V. B. Mehta

THE ZUGSPITZE TUNNEL

Through the Heart of the Bavarian Alps

HE ENTRANCE TO THE ZUGSPITZE TUNNEL on the electric railway between Partenkirchen and Griesen in the Bavarian Alps. Herr Joachim Rarsbechler and Herr Ferdinand Stronger, whose work it is to keep the tunnel in repair, are seen setting out on their daily journey of inspection. They have a stiff climb before them as the railway rises several thousand feet in a few miles

SAFETY-FIRST: The two guardians of the tunnel walking up a steep gradient. They are keeping close to the wall as a train is due to pass them

SOUNDING THE ROOF: If there are any loose pieces of rock they are immediately dislodged, otherwise they might fall on the passing trains

ON THE WAY UP: Herr Rarsbechler and Herr Stronger watching the approach of a train. The tunnel is several miles long and each day they have to traverse it in both directions

A NECESSARY PRECAUTION: If a fall in the rock or any obstruction is discovered by the tunnel guardians, they immediately telephone the news to the upper and lower stations

AN OPENING IN THE TUNNEL: Looking down from several thousand feet on the rugged peaks surrounding the Zugspitze —the highest mountain in Germany

HOLY WEEK IN MEXICO

Images of Judas Iscariot Burned in the Streets of the Capital

THE FATE OF JUDAS: On the Saturday of Holy Week in Mexico images representing "the betrayer," stuffed with fireworks, are hanged from ropes stretching between the houses and then, to the joy of the crowd, set alight

About 36 miles from Mexico City is Amecameca, a scattered town which stands amid charming scenery at the base of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, and which is celebrated throughout Mexico for its sacred hill. Four hundred years ago, Fray Martin de Valencia, one of the twelve apostles who reached Mexico in 1523, made his home here. To-day his grave is visited by many thousands of Indians who flock there during Holy Week to pay honour to his memory.

I visited Amecameca on a Good Friday after anti-religious legislation had been passed. At the entrance to the cathedral in the little town were vendors of curios, favours, toys, and foodstuffs. There was an air of sadness even apart from the hallowed season of the year. No priests or sisters were about, and inside the church the simple folk looked like sheep without shepherds.

The floor was of rough boards. Round the sides were crude, painted wooden figures of the Christ with a larger one on the altar. The latter figure had round the loins a crimson plush girdle on which were embroidered in gold the implements of the Crucifixion. On the altar four candles, thick as organ pipes, and many smaller ones, were burning. Some worshippers knelt reverently on the rough floor with candles in their hands; others carried flowers, whilst several sat listlessly on wooden benches in the centre, or wandered to worship at a more beautiful figure of the Christ in a small side chapel.

This week in Mexico City a number of interesting events will take place. Near the heart of the city, on the borders of the green, shady Alameda Park, booths are erected and a holiday fair is held. Refreshment tents contain enchiladas, frijoles, puchero, and the host of tasty things dear to the mouth and stomach of the Mexican, whilst stalls are packed with basket-work, pottery, and souvenirs. But the feature of the fair is the number of doll-like effigies of Judas; he is there in his thousands. Stacks of him arrive in big hampers on the outskirts of the fair; jumbled masses of bodies, arms, legs, and heads. These are transferred to banner-like frameworks from which they hang in rows, and are then hoisted aloft on poles to tempt young Mexico. As no known authentic likeness of Judas exists, the representation varies. The flowing robes of Palestine have been discarded for a non-descript combination of tunic and breeches. At one end of the gallery Judas is pictured with a pair of horns, at the other he is wearing a tiny model of the straw hat of Mexico. Although the thought that Judas may have been a Mexican is not flattering, it tends to popularize him and to assist the sales. Further on is an antiquated roundabout and swings, but there is no blaring organ; noise and rowdiness are entirely absent. It is an exemplary crowd: the balloon-seller and peanut vendor do not seem out of place even in the heart of the sylvan Alameda.

But on the Saturday morning Mexico casts away restraint, gives vent to its feelings, and "the betrayer" is allowed to execute himself in public. A rope swings across a main street, and from the centre of the rope hangs Judas. He is many sizes larger than his comrades of the Alameda, and like a Christmas turkey he is stuffed, but with fireworks.

A crack: and a tiny puff of smoke bursts through the jacket, followed by another and another till it becomes a fusillade. Now he is blazing, and only the skeleton hangs in mid-air. A last explosion, and the remains of poor Judas lie in the street. As in the case of his progenitor it is self-destruction, but here internal forces have hastened his death. Once is not enough, and the tragedy is repeated several times until the effigies run out or the appetite of the crowd is sated. The rope hangs in the street; there is a rush and it is seized. A daring youth begins to climb, but a bucket of water from the roof cools him; still more water is needed before the crowd will break up.

The mind goes back to the tragedy of the centuries. To many Mexicans this is a time for fun and sport, but to the pious peon there is a secret if sad satisfaction in once again being reminded of the fruits of betrayal.

History and tradition are satisfied, and the popular ritual of Mexican Holy Week is at an end.

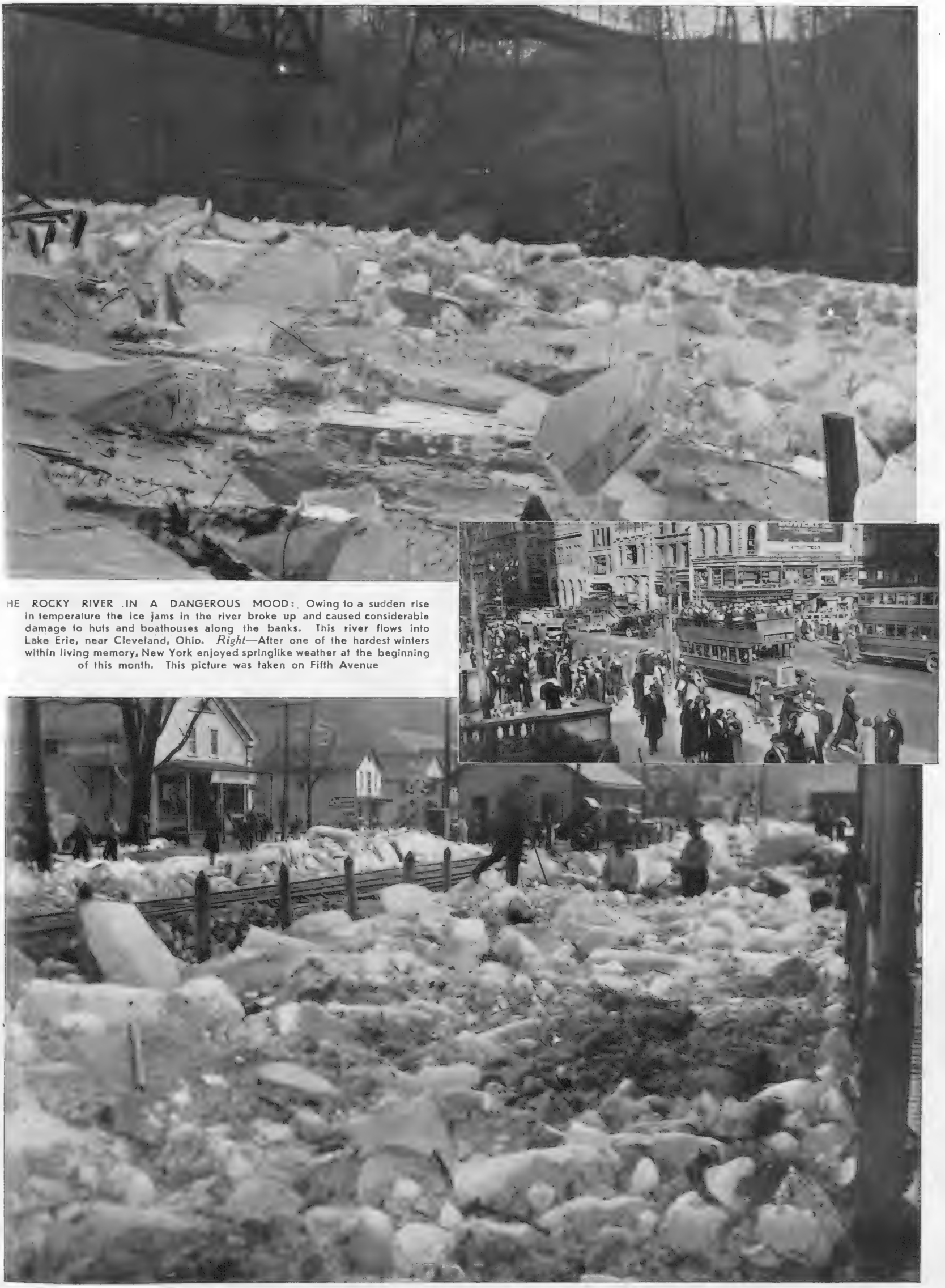
J. D. H.

Above and on right—IMAGES OF JUDAS FOR SALE in the streets of Mexico City. Sometimes Judas is depicted wearing a straw hat and sometimes with horns

On left—THE CATHEDRAL IN MEXICO CITY: It is one of the largest buildings of its kind in Central America. There is a widespread belief among the more credulous Mexicans that its giant rectangular bulk is swung on huge chains to prevent it being destroyed by earthquakes

THE LAST DAYS of WINTER in the UNITED STATES

An Avalanche of Ice Descends on a Village in New York State

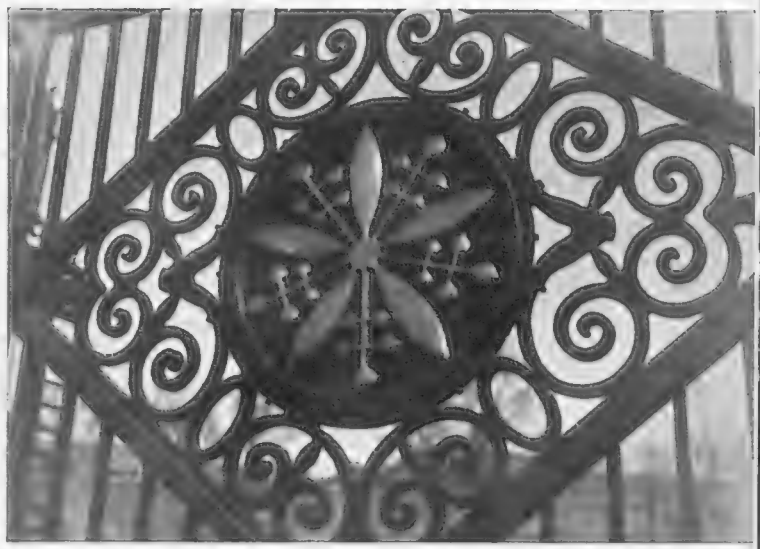


THE ROCKY RIVER IN A DANGEROUS MOOD: Owing to a sudden rise in temperature the ice jams in the river broke up and caused considerable damage to huts and boathouses along the banks. This river flows into Lake Erie, near Cleveland, Ohio. *Right*—After one of the hardest winters within living memory, New York enjoyed springlike weather at the beginning of this month. This picture was taken on Fifth Avenue

A STREET IN WASSAIC, NEW YORK STATE, AFTER AN ICE JAM HAD BROKEN UP WITH A ROAR AND DESCENDED ON THE TOWN. The residents, hearing the noise, and believing that a dam in the vicinity had burst, fled to safety before the avalanche of ice could engulf them. There were no injuries

EMPEROR ONCE AGAIN

Pu Yi, One-time Ruler Over All China, Ascends the Throne of Manchukuo



THE NEW ROYAL EMBLEM OF MANCHUKUO adorning the gates of the Emperor's palace at Hsinking

THE NEW EMPEROR OF MANCHUKUO: Henry Pu Yi, formerly Emperor of China and, since 1932, Chief Executive of Manchukuo, photographed after his enthronement at Hsinking on March 1. He is wearing a field-marshal's uniform

TOKYO, March, 1934.

Three hundred years after Norhachu, chief of the Chien Chu tribes, proclaimed himself Emperor of the Manchu, or Ching, dynasty, and just over thirty years since this same dynasty came to an end in Peking, the heir to that illustrious line, which numbers among its monarchs the great Chien Lung, is once more Emperor of his own people.

Henry Pu Yi, as he has been known since his flight from the Forbidden City in 1924, is the son of Prince Hsun (the younger brother of Kuang Su, ninth Emperor of the Ching dynasty), and his wife, who was the daughter of Jung Loh, the Empress Dowager's confidential adviser. Born in 1905, Pu Yi was enthroned as the Emperor Hsuan Tung at the age of three, but four years later had to abdicate, not so much because of the success of the revolution as of the reckless ambition of Yuan Shih Kai, who thought that he could become Emperor himself.

The deposed monarch was, however, not at first treated harshly, the Republican Government permitting him to remain in the Forbidden City surrounded by his courtiers and Imperial Guards, and paying him an annual allowance of 4,000,000 Chinese dollars. In name he was still an Emperor, and in 1917, after the death of Yuan Shih Kai, was restored to the Dragon Throne by the counter revolutionary General, Chang Hsun.

His second reign, however, only lasted a week as, the Republican forces having again taken the upper hand, a second abdication was demanded and the young Emperor once more retired to his sham court. Five years later he was married, with all the splendid ritual of former days, to a Manchu lady of some wealth and position who was to follow him during his life of trial and adventure until for the third time he became an Emperor. But in spite of all these outward signs of power the young man was not happy, the court etiquette was irksome, he wanted to see the world outside the walls of his prison palace, he wanted to learn to use a typewriter, he wanted to ride a bicycle. This desire for emancipation was, moreover, encouraged by his English tutor, that remarkable man Sir Reginald Johnston.

The road to freedom came suddenly, and not too pleasantly, in 1924, when the Christian General, Feng Yuhsiang, invaded the Forbidden City and, disregarding all the agreements of the Republican Government of 1911, deprived the Emperor of his property and titles, and forced him to leave the palace at the point of bayonets, and take refuge in his father's house, where he found that he was no better off than before, as Feng, fearing a popular counter revolutionary uprising, kept him under the rigid surveillance of his troops.

ELIZABETH PU YI, first Empress of Manchukuo

Pu Yi's eventual escape from this unenviable position was brought about by Sir Reginald Johnston who, knowing the inevitable fate which awaited his pupil if he remained under "the care" of General Feng, determined to put him in a place of real safety. He accordingly so arranged it one day that the chauffeur of the imperial car should drive into the Legation Quarter, in which Chinese troops had no authority and, once safely within its walls, politely told the revolutionary guards, who accompanied Pu Yi wherever he went, that their services would no longer be required. The guards were inclined to protest, but, realizing that they were powerless, returned to their master to report the loss of the prisoner.

Sir Reginald then put Pu Yi in the German hospital and went to the British Legation to see if it was possible to find a sanctuary there. The British authorities, however, were cautious and non-commital in their reply to such a proposal, so that Sir Reginald left disappointed and, crossing the street, called on the Japanese Legation opposite, where the reception was much more cordial and accommodation was offered to the refugee and his wife. Whether Mr. Yoshizawa, the Japanese Minister, was merely actuated by feelings of compassion or whether he already knew about Japan's intentions regarding the mainland of Asia has never been divulged, but the fact remains that had the British or French authorities undertaken the protection of the dethroned Emperor, it is probable that he would now be residing in the neighbourhood of London or Paris, while the story and future of Manchukuo would have been entirely different.

Pu Yi was relieved to find this unexpected release from anxiety, but after a few weeks in the Japanese Legation compound it became apparent to him that while he had certainly progressed towards freedom, the Legation Quarter still had walls over which he could not see. So one afternoon, disguised as an ordinary peasant and accompanied only by a few companions, he walked down to the Chien Men station and, buying a third-class ticket to Tientsin, travelled for the first time in a train. There is something pathetic and magnificent in this furtive departure of the Son of Heaven, born to rule over four hundred million Chinamen, whose only knowledge of the outer world had come from the lips of a foreigner, and now found himself outside the city of his ancestors in a dirty railway carriage packed with spitting coolies. Luckily this journey which, picturesque in conception, might have ended disastrously, was frustrated by the Japanese Consul in Tientsin who, warned from Peking of the disappearance of the ex-Emperor, had all trains watched, and when Pu Yi arrived had him escorted to the Japanese extra-territorial concession. Here he was persuaded to remain, and lived until 1931 in a rambling, dilapidated house surrounded by a number of retainers, the loyalty of many of whom was not based on anything other than genuine affection.

Pu Yi's life had now become informal and he was able to realize his ambitions to play tennis and ride, not only a bicycle, but a horse. He made friends with many foreigners, he attended the local race meetings, he dined at the mess of the British stationed in Tientsin, sometimes he danced with his wife at the international clubs. These social distractions did not, however, prevent him from keeping his eyes open to the political situation in China and abroad, and while not plotting against the new government there was always a feeling of resentment that the Republic had, without excuse, violated the abdication agreement. Still, for the moment there was no question of any change in his status, and the peaceful existence went on until the fateful night of September 18 when for the first time the Japanese came into open conflict with the Chinese near Mukden and began, though no one realized it at the time, a new chapter in the history of Asia and the life of Henry Pu Yi.

It was not, however, until November that Pu Yi decided to leave Tientsin and to return to the country of his ancestors. There is no doubt that this idea had been maturing in his mind for some time, but there is equally no doubt that there was never any question of his being kidnapped by the Japanese, or in any way coerced into leaving China. I was in Tientsin at the time and remember the state of panic which reigned over the foreign concessions when for some reason fighting suddenly broke out in the Chinese city, which involved the Japanese whose concession adjoined it. Every unit of the foreign garrison was "standing to"; it seemed possible for anything to happen, of which one certainty was that if the Chinese became masters of the situation Pu Yi would be murdered. The departure was decided at a moment's notice, and without notifying anyone but his immediate *entourage*, and accompanied only by his tutor, Cheng Hsiao Hsu, now Prime Minister of Manchukuo, who had never worn foreign clothes before, and for this occasion had to borrow a suit too small for him from his son, Pu Yi boarded the *Awachi Maru* and endured another first experience of travelling by sea and suffering from terrifying sea sickness. At Yingkou (Newchwang) he disembarked and proceeded thence by rail to Port Arthur, where he was joined by the Empress. The two wanderers were now on their native soil, with all those cares of the past years suddenly lifted from them, for if the revolution had robbed them of conquered China it could not rob them of their heritage, Manchuria.

At first the adherents to the old regime wanted to proclaim Pu Yi emperor at once, and though he was anxious to follow their counsel he was dissuaded from doing so by the Japanese Government, who were prepared to assist in the making of Manchukuo an independent State, but not yet an empire. The ex-Emperor became, therefore, Chief Executive, and took up his residence in what had been the offices of the Salt Gabelle at Hsinking (Changchun). He had hoped to re-establish himself in the palace of his ancestors in Mukden near the tombs of the founders of his dynasty, but this was not to be. There were too many old adherents to Chang Hseuh Liang in this part of Manchuria, too many "arsenal people," and Hsinking was better situated at the junction of the S.M.R. and C.E.R. and the new line to Korea; so at Hsinking he remained.

The first impression on meeting Pu Yi is unexpected. I had in my mind a picture of massive Tartar walls, of golden tiled palaces, of the Empress Dowager, very old but still formidable, of her favourite Yung Loh, and her other favourite, the

(Continued on p. 454)

NEWS from ABROAD

Celebrating the Feast of Purim—Vicki Baum to Live in London—A Swimming Gala in Tokyo

THE DELIVERER OF HER PEOPLE: This young woman took the part of Queen Esther at the carnival held recently at Tel-Aviv, Palestine, in celebration of the Jewish feast of Purim, which is held annually to commemorate the defeat of Haman's plot to massacre the Jews. *(Pictures of Tel-Aviv will be found on pages 436-437 of this issue)*

VICKI BAUM, the well-known German-Jewish authoress of *Grand Hotel* and other best-sellers, who, it is reported, has decided to take up her residence in London on account of Nazi persecution. This picture was taken in California, where she has been staying

WATER SPORTS IN WINTER: Miss Masako Sato giving a demonstration of stunt swimming at the twenty-seventh annual gala of the Shuyojuku Swimming Club held in the icy waters of the Sumida-Gawa River, Tokyo. A man of sixty and several ten-year-old girls were among the participants

IN PARIS: A block of flats for the working classes

THE SLUM-MAKER

The Human Element which Adds to the Problem of Re-housing

By B. S. TOWNROE, J.P., Hon. A.R.I.B.A.

(The writer of this article is a co-opted member of the Housing Committee of the London County Council)

Does the slum make the slum-dweller, or does the slum-dweller make the slum? This is the question which must be faced in the present campaign against slums.

In fairness to those who have been born under unfavourable conditions, it must be remembered that in wealthier circles there are also "slum-makers," but they are so looked after as children by nursemaids, governesses, and tutors, and later are shepherded by housekeepers and valets, that their shortcomings of habit and character are not usually revealed.

On the other hand, even in the most squalid surroundings, there are women with a cheerful smile whose homes are spotless, and whose husbands, on a low wage, are always working to improve their homes. They are the home-makers.

This human side of the slum problem is even more important than the material. The late Miss Octavia Hill in 1865 pointed out that "sanitary improvement in itself depended upon educational work among grown-up people." She had the stairs and passages of all houses under her care repaired, distempered, and regularly scrubbed so as to be models of cleanliness, and found that this silent example influenced her tenants. Her principles have influenced house management in all parts of the world.

In Holland, for example, she has a reputation in housing centres somewhat like that of Florence Nightingale in nursing. The authorities at Amsterdam and the Hague have staffs of women inspectors, trained for five years on the Octavia Hill system, who are responsible for the collection of rents, as well as for the choice of the tenants, and the supervision of municipal dwellings.

Some of the Dutch municipal tenants are frankly called "undesirable," and are given shelter in "controlled" dwellings. I have visited several of these colonies where mental defectives, unemployables, slatterns, and other "difficult" persons are under strict supervision. In the Amsterdam colonies the tenants, who pay very low rents, must be home by 9 p.m. in the winter and 10 p.m. in the summer. Every resident must have a bath regularly, for personal cleanliness is considered to be the first step to reclamation. There are three classes of tenants, and families who respond to treatment pass upwards, until when they have reformed, they are given a council house and live under normal conditions.

At first sight the Dutch system appears to be unduly drastic, but it must be remembered that similar types of people in this country are often sentenced to periods of imprisonment or detention in mental homes. The Dutch are dealing courageously with a class of slum-makers, who in the tropics would be "beachcombers," and are reforming by their system families for whom British housing schemes, in spite of the expenditure of over £500,000,000 since the War, have failed to provide. At Amsterdam on the average twenty families a year learn their lesson and become clean and respectable citizens, and I am told that there is rarely a set-back.

Last summer, M. Morel-Journel, of Lyons, showed me round a delightful garden city, composed for the most part of semi-detached houses with gardens, which the Artificial Silk Company of which he is chairman, have built in the suburbs for their workpeople. He told me that many were occupied by Armenians who came from Asia Minor some years ago, and I asked him how his company had been so fortunate as to secure tenants who so obviously were proud of their houses and were cultivating their gardens so well.

In reply he took me to another estate where the newcomers were trained to become good householders, for the Armenians when they arrived were little accustomed to civilization, and had no experience, for example, of European sanitation. They were therefore placed on their arrival in simple wooden huts, where they lived under the strictest control. But Armenians are particularly quick at adapting themselves to new conditions, and before long the majority were moved to a better type of small house, and later to an improved house, and then finally to a cottage in the garden city. So universal has been the improvement that it is now proposed to demolish the lowest grade of huts, as they are no longer needed.

I have seen in the potash mines of Alsace and in the colliery districts around Lens and Anzin similar methods of management applied to Polish families, who are given temporary housing accommodation until such time as they have learned good habits and are fit to occupy normal houses. In short, the French are applying to the housing problem common sense in a logical manner, and recognize that the slum-dweller will make the slum if he is not specially trained to better ways of living.

In Germany for years past simplified dwellings have been erected for slum-makers. Particular attention is at present being given to dealing with those ever-shifting elements of the population which shun the light of day. For example, in one slum street in Hamburg, which has now been demolished, there were 159 children and 123 prostitutes. The housing department endeavoured to provide houses for the families with children at a distance from the prostitutes and their followers. At Frankfort the local council has arranged with a furnishing firm to supply simple furniture at low rates so as to give former slum-dwellers a good start in life.

In Italy special hostels have been built for the temporary accommodation of families taken from the sordid hovels spoken of in Italy as "baracche." In these hostels the evicted slum-dwellers live under control until such time as they are fit to occupy the houses built by the Institute for Cheap Dwellings.

On the outskirts of Vienna shacks have been erected totally lacking in sanitation and in disregard of all building regulations. The central block dwellings in Vienna, with their communal baths, kindergarten schools, and crèches are, of course, well known, but the Municipal Building Department of Vienna is now attacking the slum problem in the suburbs. Dr. Hermann Maetz, the Head Commissioner, points out that the inhabitants of the slums "may be considered socially and morally of the lowest order—people whose mode of living contributes in no small measure to the neglect and decay of their dwellings."

In the cities of Russia overcrowding is increasing. For example, Moscow, built originally for a population of about 2,000,000 people, is now, according to official figures, occupied by between 3,250,000 and 3,500,000. In the country supposed to be the most democratic in the world there is the unique system of grading rents according to social classes. In Moscow the lowest rents are paid by manual workers; the next scale is for intellectuals; and so on until the private business man often has to pay ten times as high a rent per square yard for similar accommodation as a manual worker. Naturally in order to control these rent charges there is strict inspection of a character that the English working man would certainly resent.

Probably the worst slums in the world are to be found in the United States. According to Mr. Lawrence Veiller, the secretary of the National Housing Association in New York, "we have conditions of land overcrowding, high buildings, and lack of light and air that are quite unknown in Europe and Asia, in fact, in any part of civilization." There are, however, isolated housing schemes both in New York and other parts of the States, where model tenements have been erected, mainly at the expense of charitable millionaires. On these estates a special feature is made of social services.

This American example has been followed by the Metropolitan Housing Corporation in London, the Managing Director of which, Mr. Claude M. Leigh, stated the other day, "I have always failed to see how a slum tenant, in a new or reconditioned house, can be expected to do anything other than turn his new home into a counterpart of his old. Reconditioning is utterly futile unless some measures are taken to educate the tenants, and in particular their children, to use and appreciate the better conditions which are offered them. Social centres have been established by this company in Camberwell and Fulham, and are regarded as an integral part of their system of management."

The largest landlord in the world is, of course, the London County Council. The Council tenants number more than the whole of the population of the City of Newcastle, and the management of the estates is extremely efficient. Under the direction of the Valuer, Mr. Frank Hunt, all the estates are under the control of men superintendents, while recently two women superintendents have been appointed and are doing useful work. The management is independent and impartial. It is only necessary to visit any of the L.C.C. dwellings, either the flats in Central London, or the cottage estates at Becontree, Downham, and Watling, to see how the tenants as a whole respond magnificently. Difficulties, of course, occur at first, especially with tenants removed from slum conditions, but they are carefully placed away from one another, and housewives soon strive to live up to the standard set by their immediate neighbours.

On this point Mr. Hunt states "Experience, as far as London is concerned, shows how admirably a very large percentage of the families removed from insanitary housing conditions respond to their new environment; and where it is practicable for some of them to remove to the cottage estates situated farther from the centre, their pride in the garden, engendered by the opportunities for cultivation which such estates afford, operates as a wonderful counteracting influence to the degrading effects produced by the sordid conditions of their old surroundings."

Outside London other municipalities are fully alive to the necessity of training the slum-maker to become a good citizen. Of special interest on this point is the experience of Glasgow where, between 1923 and 1930, nearly 20,000 people have been removed from slums, but many families found the new surroundings strange and their homes rapidly deteriorated and became badly verminous. I have seen houses where the woodwork had been pulled up for use as firewood. Accordingly a number of women inspectors were appointed to make house to house visits among families transferred from insanitary dwellings to the new rehousing schemes. Tenants were helped to adjust themselves to homes in which there was ample light, facilities for hot water, and an absence of dark recesses. The results have completely justified this educational work in Glasgow.

It has only been possible to give here a few examples of what is being done, but undoubtedly the experience already gained in London, Glasgow, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, and Rome, proves that assistance to former slum-dwellers, who find their lives suddenly revolutionized, is essential in dealing with the slum problem. Accordingly, in the campaign now commencing in this country it is imperative not only to pull down old hovels and to rehouse, but to teach the tenants how to live and respond to the new conditions.

LONDON'S CHILDREN

Some of the L.C.C.'s Family of 600,000

THE MID-DAY MEAL AT THE SPRINGWELL HOUSE OPEN-AIR SCHOOL AT CLAPHAM COMMON: Children whose health demands that they should live in the open air as much as possible are sent to schools of this type. They do their lessons out of doors and receive all their meals at the school. Lunch consists of meat and two vegetables and a sweet. In the afternoon they are given cocoa, bread and butter, and jam, while each child receives a glass of milk every day

SOME OF THE OLDER GIRLS: Several of them will be leaving at Easter and probably have just been before the "After-Care Committee" which consults with them regarding what kind of work they would like to do in the future. The committee also finds situations for them through the juvenile branch of the Labour Exchange

THE SECOND COURSE: Some of the younger boys at lunch. They are eating baked apples and custard. At ordinary schools only the necessitous scholars and those whose parents are away stay to meals. The boys are wearing overcoats because they have been out in the open all the morning

Special SPHERE *pictures*

ON THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE: The pupils at Springwell House range between 7 and 16 years of age. Some of these boys are also leaving at Easter—one of them is determined to go to sea, another wants to be a gardener, and a third would like to work in a garage. Every effort will be made to meet their wishes

KING LEOPOLD'S HEAVY CROWN

A Critical Period in Belgium's History — Flemings and Walloons in Conflict

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BRUSSELS

"He will do. I was not heir, and untrained. He has been"—the late King Albert, on the eve of his death, speaking of his eldest son. Tutored in kingcraft, philosophy, foreign policy, finance, by his father, Cardinal Mercier, and MM. Jaspar and Theunis respectively, and favoured in the bloom of manhood by a studious temperament which makes him eschew the frivolities, be a listener, and interweave such eloquent relaxations as walking, fishing, entomology, the camera, and, until now, climbing, with a seemingly viceless application to duty, Belgium's young monarch, who made such a brave showing on his testing *entrée joyeuse* less than twenty-four hours after escorting his parent to the tomb, will need all his good qualities. He, who at fourteen left the Yser for Eton, fantastic out-of-order experience, possibly wears the heaviest crown in contemporary Europe (figure of speech: there doesn't seem to be a coronation here).

After the inevitable numbing period that follows death really felt, Belgium has turned to her future

"WE DEMAND BREAD AND THEY GIVE US FORTIFICATIONS": Women demonstrators parading through the streets of Brussels

and her fate only with an added penetration, since the whole country knows that things are due for happening. Unequalled umpire though he remained to the end, King Albert departed, with his country in full and critical process of evolution (mild word), and if his unique presence prevailed as calmative and solidifier none knew better than he that little had been solved, not even the Flemish question, try as he would over this ever since the War. Actually, what happened was that hosts of people refrained from being fractious purely out of respect for the late King, and that attitude is now rapidly on the wane. *Autres rois, autres politiques.* Even if Majesty be of the most distinguished. Have we not already seen the Premier, Comte de Broqueville, deliberately indicate that the Paris influence, under which the late reign perforce moved sentimentally in considerable degree, is no greater than that of London or Rome, perhaps even of Berlin? In this regard, you will hear that the new King's mother and mother-in-law are Germans, and that Queen Astrid is bringing much Nordic atmosphere to Court, but that sort of thing to-day leaves me cold—didn't Queen Elizabeth fight her brother directly opposite, Rupprecht at Lille, for four years? The truth is, she'll never enter Germany again, and has long been wont to meet her aged mother on neutral soil.

The plain fact is that a majority of Belgians, even drawn from the *Francisés* half, look across the frontier at France and behold a highly dangerous body to be tethered to: one deeply involved, suffering from internal poisoning, progressively mislaying friends, disturbingly retrograde amid swift world-change, and none too generous to Belgium despite all the fair words and kisses. Belgians, on the once-bitten theory, deduce that the Nazis would probably invade most other peoples before themselves, and they want a freer, less weighted foreign policy to cope with prospects. Essentially, they want to "stay in" with England. But who may "they" be? How I do try to avoid writing of thoroughly divided countries *en bloc* like that!

I can only hope to offer a Piccardian view of as complicated a national condition as has come my way for some time. Mr. Bottomley used to print some doggerel—

> The world is a bundle of hay,
> Mankind are the asses who pull:
> Each tugs it a different way,
> And the greatest of all is John Bull.

(Hardly flattering to J.B. as the greatest ass, but no matter.) Far be it from my intention to paint the commonsensical Belgians as donkeys, but they certainly are giving a powerful imitation of line three. Flems, Walloons, Catholic-Conservatives, Liberals, Republicans, Activists, Communists, Dinasos (Flemish Fascists), National Legion (pro-French ditto), Middle Classes, Dietschlanders, Socialist-Planners, anti-Militarists, anti-Bankers, Industry, Agriculture, pro-French, anti-French, and no doubt a few more I've overlooked, seem to be one and all tugging away at that hay, and it is no light matter sorting them out, and what they want and what may eventually accrue to the country from the profound general stirring.

I suppose the widening ditch between Flemings and Walloons leads off the litany. Time was when all the former wanted was their language, exclusively, in school and law court, on parade and in administration, but they were told by Brussels to be bilingual even if the other half of the country, Wallonie, refused so to be on the ground that the official Flemish language was Dutch (which it is). Now Flemish demands have swelled to such dimensions as Home Rule, federalization, independence, even to union with Holland under the new racial style of Dietschland, and which would extend eventually to French Flanders, to Hazebrouck, and "Pop"! The Dinasos, working from Green House H.Q. at Ghent, Doris Van Severen leader, are for Dietschland, but so also are many others who are not openly Fascists, notably the "Activists," born of the Occupation, and kindly remembering the Germans, and Flemish Catholic youth which, however, is proceeding on the basis of no-priests-in-politics, and is of added importance because of the economic war that has split agricultural Flanders clean asunder from industrial Wallonie, even if nothing else did. Belgium is divided in race, religion, language; it was much of an artificially fashioned land, and only celebrated its centenary a year or two ago, but possibly the biggest separating force of the lot is the natural one, the geological dictating that here shall be fertile fields and there minerals. This is rapidly leading to the two halves of the country pursuing two different, even mutually hostile, existences based on conflicting interests, Brussels no longer acting as bridge as once it did. For instance, Wallonie wants Flanders to follow a self-sacrificing production policy enabling purchasing countries to patronize Belgian industry; and Flander's answer is something akin to "Go to blazes!"

And this lands us in the all-pervading economic stress of an over-populated, exporting, heavily industrialized country like ourselves, only more so, one that has been hit in the vitals by the sealing up of frontiers against imports and is still on gold as a condition of vital Paris banking support. Private letters often give a good idea. One received this morning has this:

"The economic situation is very grave. The Belgians won't go to the Congo and are not wanted elsewhere. The Boerenbund or Peasants Union is the chief support of the Catholic (Conservative) Party and is forcing it to create quotas and tax food for the benefit of certain minorities. The hiding of money, gold, silver, nickel, and paper, is making living very dear. People are corrupted by the dole given in the War and after. It is common for them to employ men on the dole at a rate that kills the small artisan and his master. The position of the Middle Classes is getting rather desperate, and young men can't get jobs at all and are listening to Fascism and Communism—a kind of cross between the two perhaps. Scandals such as the Sabena (air) and police affairs look like being only the beginning. At present the Dinasos are lying low. As for the Reds, much will depend on their foreign support, though there was actually danger for a moment at the change of kings. A lot will depend also on what happens next door in France. If there is a blow-up there I don't see how we can avoid contagion here."

[I cannot resist a footnote to this. However unhappy the Belgians may deem their lot to be, Belgium remains, and by much, the cheapest country of the gold group.]

THE FIRST MEDALLION BEARING THE HEAD OF KING LEOPOLD III: This will be hung in all the public buildings and schools of Belgium

Undoubtedly the most discussed thing in Belgium to-day is the Plan of Work produced by an unknown expatriate professor named Henri de Man who returned to find the Socialists in full disintegration and has conquered the Party and a multitude of others from right, left, and centre, the famous Vandervelde being his most valuable booster. The Plan is in the line of that which occupies so many others, in other lands. It calls for the nationalization of credit and of basic industries under an Economic Council and aims at transferring control from "*l'oligarchie financière à M. Tout le Monde.*" Twenty-two commissions are working out a scientific application of the Plan which respects private property, includes the raising of wages on the Roosevelt notion of concurrently raising consuming power, and provides an all-embracing scheme of public works and social betterment for the many. De Man's very numerous enthusiasts are akin to the recently arrived neo-Socialists of France, somewhere mid-way between Moscow and Rome, and difficulties may be under-estimated, at the present time at all events.

De Man, who is of the War generation and fought, may be on yet trickier ground when he calls for national defence *sans soldats*. He holds the Germans to be the only possible invaders, and that they won't, and that even if they did the proper defence is not a big army but the wholesale destruction, carefully planned beforehand, of the country through which the miscreants would have to pass. As for the air: passive resistance in

(*Continued on p.* 454)

THE COMTE DE BROQUEVILLE: The present Belgian Prime Minister (centre)

THE NEW PALESTINE

JERUSALEM FROM THE AIR: A general view of the city taken from the south side. In the foreground is Government House, the residence of Lt.-General Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, G.C.M.G., High Commissioner for Palestine. It is luxuriously equipped and fittingly blends Eastern and Western architectural styles. Less than a hundred years ago there was not a single building outside the city walls, but to-day more than two-thirds of the population live in Greater Jerusalem, and the houses are rapidly spreading out in the direction of Bethlehem, Ain Karim, and Mount Scopus. *Left*—A FARM-HOUSE NEAR THE SEA OF GALILEE: A typical settler's home of to-day

THE NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM which is now nearing completion in the north-east corner of Jerusalem. It consists of a number of white buildings grouped round a central tower, and stands on the site of a camp occupied by King Edward VII when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Palestine. The museum has been presented to Jerusalem by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, and has cost approximately £400,000

A RISING TOWN ON THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: An aerial view of the residential section of Tel-Aviv, near Jaffa. It is entirely peopled by Jews and to-day has a population of over 50,000. The imposing domed building in the left centre of this picture is the new synagogue

A STREET IN TEL-AVIV: The buildin
The town has developed amazingl
population

THE MARGATE OF THE HOLY LAND: A view of the beach at T
times the foreshore is crowded

GIRL FARM WORKERS: A typical scene in a Galilee land settlement. These girls originally came from middle Europe

A TYPICAL JEWISH FARM: Mixed farming appears to be quite profitable and to-day the Plain of Esdraelon is dotted with many pleasant homesteads of this type. Some of the settlers are cultivating grape fruit extensively, as there is a large world market for it and it is a fruit which thrives particularly well in Palestine

FORCED TO FLOAT:
salt in

On left—THE OPEN-AIR
resort on the shore

NEW PALESTINE

dings are largely designed on modern Western lines, but here and there an Eastern touch is discernible. ingly during the past fourteen years and to-day can boast at least seventy different industries. The Arab ion of neighbouring Jaffa has been actively antagonistic towards the Jews in Tel-Aviv

A JEWISH IMMIGRANT: Between 1922 and 1930 the number of Jews in Palestine increased by nearly 100,000, while during the past three months about 6,000 German-Jews have settled in the country as a result of Nazi persecution

t Tel-Aviv. The bathing there is excellent and at holiday ded almost to capacity

: Bathing in the Dead Sea where the high percentage of lt in the water makes it difficult to sink

AT THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY ON MOUNT SCOPUS: This is situated on the heights above Jerusalem and is attended by about 300 students. Important work is being done there at the moment in the making of a Jewish dictionary which will be acceptable to Jewish people all over the world, and which will help to purify the language

AIR CAFÉ AT KALLIA, a popular health and pleasure nores of the Dead Sea. At full moon the water is usually thronged with bathers

EARLY MORNING EXERCISE AT HEADQUARTERS: Horses on their way to "the gallops" at Newmarket

The Flat began on Monday. Yes, the spring, if not the summer, is icumen in. The bookmakers are back from Monte Carlo and the West Indies. The jockeys are back from St. Moritz and Majorca, except for H. Graves and J. Marshall, who both ride under National Hunt rules as well as Jockey Club rules, and so have not had time to get away. Basil Briscoe, R. J. Colling, and Vic Smyth, the three trainers who specialize in early winners, are smiling already.

Without any doubt, it is going to be a wonderful year (at any rate for the ring). Even now, months ahead, one can see that the Ascot Gold Cup will be the grandest race for years. The inimitable little Hyperion has up against him Crapom (the Italian flier), Tai Yang, Mate, Gusto II, as well as the French cracks. Tai Yang is by Solario out of Sobriquet, and belongs to Mr. "Manna" Morris, so called because he owned the Derby winner of that name. He only ran once last year, winning the Jockey Club Stakes from Felicitation, who was second to Hyperion in the St. Leger. Mate and Gusto II are Yankees on whom a lot of money will be laid from across the Atlantic. Yes, it ought to be the best race for years, and if Hyperion wins it he will probably be retired to the stud by Lord Derby without waiting for the Doncaster Cup. In any event, we will have seen this marvellous little horse in the Coronation Cup.

GORDON RICHARDS' SUCCESSOR? E. Smith, a lightweight jockey with more than the average share of brains and riding ability

Ascot will provide another thrill in the Queen Alexandra Stakes, for which Brown Jack will once again be saddled in the hope of winning for the sixth year in succession with Steve Donoghue on top. This year, however, Miss Dorothy Paget has entered none other than Golden Miller. What a race it will be! It will be a terrible division of the public's loyalties, with the bulk of the sentiment, however, leaning towards old Brown Jack.

At the present minute there are about 4,000 horses in training on this side of St. George's Channel. From November until the beginning of February they did nothing but two-hour walks, led by their stable boys. But since then they have been going for their seven-furlong spins, and thanks to the dry winter, they will be much more forward this year. So the French challengers for the Lincoln will not have their usual advantage early in the season.

But let us try to analyze the chances and categories of the 4,000. Well, 300 have not the slightest hope of ever winning a race by the widest stretch of the imagination. Then come about 400 ordinary selling platers who might win once with a bit of luck and be second a few times. These follow about 1,000 moderate performers like Dusty, who won two selling races last year and, incidentally, will be seen in better company this year.

We next have about 400 two-year-olds so small and ungrown that though they may just be good enough to win a race early on, they will be withdrawn as soon as the bigger and better two-year-olds come along. Their fates will be various—sold abroad, sold for pony racing at Northolt, or sold as hacks. There will be another 400 two-year-olds too backward to train properly at all.

Now we come to the handicappers. Of these there are about 300 top-notch milers—good enough to enter for the Jubilee and the Cambridgeshire—and about 300 good two-milers of Cesarewitch and Chester Cup standard. To these we must add about 500 moderate handicappers who will specialize in Chepstow meetings. After that you have about 350 maiden plate three-year-olds, and finally about 50 classic three-year-old colts and fillies. Of these Colombo stands out so much that he is already quoted at five to four for the Two Thousand Guineas. This, moreover, is quite a fair price, for he should be as much a racing certainty for this race as is equinely possible. His price of seven to two for the Derby is a very different matter. Experts are already saying that Lord Glanely's crack may well be another Orwell. Those comparatively few days between Newmarket and the Derby can be fatal. The way other horses can improve is shown by Colorado Kid last year. The Kid started at the bottom of the weights and improved by at least three stone during the season,

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL STEEPLECHASER OF TO-DAY: Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Miller who recently scored his third successive victory in the Cheltenham Gold Cup and who has been heavily backed for the Grand National. Golden Miller has been entered for the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot this year, the race which Brown Jack has won five times in succession

and that means a matter of about fifteen lengths. No need to remind regulars how he picked up the Jubilee, the Hunt Cup, the Chesterfield Cup, and the Doncaster Cup.

This year—let's face it—racing is going to be more speculative than ever. It is a natural sequel to the abnormally hard ground last year. Many cracking good horses like the Aga Khan's Umidwar ran only once because of the hard going. Umidwar is full-brother to Udaipur, who won the Oaks, being by Blandford out of Uganda, and half-brother to Ut Majeur. Yes, there will be a lot of dark horses. Incidentally, too, the crop of two-year-olds ought to be very good indeed. All this winter sun must have enabled them to come to hand earlier, and they will be better grown and consequently faster.

THE START OF THE FLAT

A Great Racing Season in Prospect

By CHARLES GRAVES

Let us look at the King's chances. Limelight is out of training, but he has Fox Earth, the cleverly-named son of Fox Law out of Wireless. He also has The Abbot, and a two-year-old of whom the experts are already speaking, called Fairlead, who is by Fairway out of Scuttle. Lord Derby, who has now got Colledge Leader training for him instead of George Lambton, has not, apparently, any coming three-year-olds, but he has such amazing blood in his stud that he cannot help having good animals, and the chances are that he has something pretty hot. Mr. J. B. Rank, son of the millionaire, has spent a mint of money in the last two or three years, and owns Foxbridge, Solatium, Ringmaster, and a high-priced two-year-old by Pharos called Gleamer. Mr. Rank, whose wife bets in hundreds, actually employs six different trainers. He is likely to have a lot of success this year, and still more next year.

About jockeys. It is interesting that, with the exception of E. Smith (of whom later) and his young brother, D. Smith, there are very few young English jockeys coming on. The result is a growing influx of colonials. The reason for the lack of good English boys is that until five years ago the minimum weight in a handicap was 6 st. In consequence, it was necessary to get boys to ride the lightweights. Now it has gone up to 6 st. 7 lb., and in many cases up to 7 st. and 7 st. 7 lb. As a result the boys get fewer rides than before, and nobody can become a good jockey unless he has had experience.

Stanley Wootton, from whose stables have come R. Dick, J. Caldwell, J. Sirett, and A. Wragg, once said that it costs at least £1,000 to make a good jockey, if you take into consideration the races and bets which you lose and should have or might have won. Colombo is going to be ridden by Togo Johnstone, who is an Australian (although it is possible that Donoghue will have the mount for the Derby). Leslie Hammon, who is said to be the Gordon Richards of South Africa, is getting a lot of rides. Poor Buckham was killed last year, but South Africa is also represented by George Nicoll, Cecil Ray, and Teddy Ryan. Carslake, of course, is an Australian. Oddly, there are no Canadian jockeys, but we can expect more South Africans and Australians in the near future, particularly if Hammon does well.

THE GAMEST EVER: The ten-year-old veteran, Brown Jack. Winner of the Ascot Stakes 1928, the Goodwood Cup 1930, the Doncaster Cup 1930, and the Queen Alexandra Stakes in 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, and 1933. He may be a little past his best but he is still one of the finest stayers in the country

E. Smith, whose first name is Ephraim, has had an interesting career. He is a Berkshire boy and rides for Major Sneyd's stable. About four years ago he broke his leg on Noros. This kept him out of the running for two years. He even advertised for a post abroad—in the South of France—as a lightweight jockey. Nothing came of that. He returned to the saddle two years ago but did not ride at all well at first, and people seriously wondered whether he had lost his nerve, as might very well have happened. But he recovered confidence and has never looked back. He rides at 7 st. 1 lb., which gets him a lot of mounts, as the average weight of a jockey is 7 st. 10 lb. He is more intelligent than many of his elders. Chubby-faced, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, he is noticeably rather silent—this lad who is already napped as Gordon Richards' successor.

I have no idea how many trainers there are, but in addition to the leading twenty, there must be dozens more who are good enough to train any horse for any race, but who do not get the chance to do so. Some of the others are bad judges both of distance and of handicapping, and cannot tell, even through their field glasses, whether their animals are staying on.

It is one of the comedies of English racing that the flat begins with Lincoln. It nearly always rains there. It is always cold. It is not a particularly good course. If it were not for the tradition it would be absurd to give racing its send-off there. It is admittedly too early for Newmarket, but what is the matter with Newbury, except that they have had jump races there during the winter? All told, there are forty-eight courses where flat racing takes place, and from Monday next until November you can count the blank days, apart from Sundays, on the fingers of one hand. On the majority of days there are two meetings, and on some there are as many as four.

Racecourses are either privately owned, like Goodwood, or belong to the corporation, like Doncaster and Brighton. (The latter course, thanks largely to the initiative of James Rothwell, the town clerk, has improved in every way, including the stables, and this year there are to be some new stands as well.) Then there are the courses, like Gatwick and Wolverhampton, which belong to shareholders, who even this last year got a nice dividend. Newmarket belongs to the wealthy Jockey Club, who also own the gallops, but who put all the profits back into racing. Finally, there is Royal Ascot, where also the profits are put back.

People often ask whether an owner can show a profit unless he bets. The answer is that unless he is a Lord Astor and owns classic winners, with the resultant prize money, which can run into over five figures for a single race such as the Derby, it is impossible not to be on the losing side at the end of the year unless you bet. You can, for example, easily win a selling race and lose money because you have to buy your horse in. Then there is all the business of entering your horses for various races, all of which costs money. And don't forget the cost of transporting them (the horses I mean) from the trainer to the racecourse and back. It costs thirty shillings, for example, merely to send a horse from Seaford to Sandown by train, quite apart from bringing it back. Sir Hugh Nugent has patented a motor horse-box in which the horses face the front and are consequently less nervous than in the ordinary horse-box, and one can hire them at no great cost—but it all mounts up.

LORD GLANELY'S COLOMBO: A hot favourite for the Derby

It is almost impossible to write about racing to any extent without referring to the tote. All one can say is that the tote has so far not contributed a penny to racing or to charities, as was originally intended. It has merely made the bookies pay through the nose. Speaking as a layman, it seems to me that its only hope of success would be if all away betting were conducted compulsorily through it, as happens in France. Nobody has yet been able to estimate, not even Mr. Winston Churchill, how much the public wagers on the tote on flat racing. But this I do know: a famous bookmaker said casually to me the other day, "Frankly, I don't like losing more than £3,000 on a small race."

He then gave an interesting review of the results of the flat-racing season last year—from the bookmaker's point of view. His facts regarding the big races, read in reverse, show how backers have fared. Five per cent. of them, this bookmaker declared, win regularly. About 15 per cent. "break even." Here is his table—

Lincoln Handicap—Dorigen, 25-1	Fair
National—Kellsboro' Jack, 25-1	Bad
Metropolitan—Joyous Greeting, 20-1	Good
City and Suburban—Great Scott, 20-1	Good
Guineas—Rodosto, 9-1	Bad
Jubilee—Colorado Kid, 100-9	Bad
Derby—Hyperion, 6-1	Very bad
Hunt Cup—Colorado Kid, 100-8	Bad
Ascot Gold Cup—Foxhunter, 25-1	Good
Eclipse—Loaningdale, 9-2	Bad
Stewards' Cup—Pharacre, 22-1	Good
Goodwood Cup—Sans Peine, 20-1	Good
Ebor—Dictum, 8-1	Fairly good
Jockey Club Stakes—Tai Yang, 4-1	Bad
Duke of York's— Limelight, 4–1	Bad
Cesarewitch—Seminole, 100–6	Fairly good

"Good" means a profit to the bookie of £5,000. He lost £6,500 on the "bad" Hunt Cup.

His annual turnover is more than £3,000,000, which is one-thirteenth of the total turnover of all the bookmakers put together, but the head of the firm reckons that his net profit is never more than 5 or 6 per cent.

IN JOVIAL MOOD: Lord Derby, the most successful owner in 1933

A VISION OF DERBY DAY: The favourite wins? Bookmakers paying out at Epsom

MISS MARGUERITE STEEN, whose novel, *Matador*, is the Book Society choice for March. Miss Steen is at present engaged in writing a Spanish trilogy

BOOKS:

Mr. J. B. Priestley Takes a Motor-coach Through England and Reveals the Tragedy of the Workless : Lawrence of Arabia—the "Mystery" Man who is Never Out of the Limelight : "Fly Away, Youth"—A Novel About a Novelist : Poland, the Tinder-box of Europe

By CECIL ROBERTS

About a hundred years ago, one, Thomas Cobbett, took a ride on horseback through England. What he then saw filled him with fierce indignation. He found the land going to decay, a noble peasantry standing empty-handed in the market towns, yeomen farmers, long the backbone of rural England, faced with ruin, and squirearchy becoming uncomfortably conscious that a long and proud reign was drawing to a close. The enemy in those days of decline was industrialism. It was eating up the fields, spreading like a cancer with its soot, its disorder of bricks, and its remorseless indifference to the human beings confined in the slavery of workshop and mill.

Thomas Cobbett rode on a horse, and, returning home, warned England of the doom of her agriculture. Now, one hundred years later, **Mr. J. B. Priestley** has taken a motor-coach through the English landscape and into the English towns. What he has seen there he has told us in **English Journey (Heinemann-Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)**. I venture to prophesy for this book the fame and endurance enjoyed by Cobbett's *Rural Rides*. There rings in every page a noble indignation against the present state of our social system. Mr. Priestley is not a Socialist. I do not know from these pages whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal. All I do learn is that he is the ordinary citizen, with a particular gift of expression and insight, who is stirred by what he has seen to make a protest against our self-satisfaction.

The chapters on industrial Lancashire and the Tyneside make terrible reading. They are more poignant and searching because at no moment does Mr. Priestley surrender either to sentimentality or the spirit of propaganda. He likes humanity, he has pity for its follies, tolerance for its ignorance, and admiration for its heroism. Of this last quality the book abounds in examples. If our civilization has failed, and this book makes that question a serious one, the human being is not a complete wreck. Battered by economic circumstances, there is a divine spark still burning under the husk. In his Lancashire chapter, Mr. Priestley tabulates some examples—"House Number Three, occupied by fat man with broad grin and no teeth, his wife and daughter. All weavers and been out of work for three years. Man gets occasional temporary job. Draws 32s. a week dole and pays 8s. for rent. Fat man a character with a passion for cricket. Once bought, in happier times, a phrenologist's head, to the amazement of neighbours . . . found him deep in Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*. He complained, comically, of still having an enormous appetite, and might well have, being a big man. Probably does not know that Ministry of Health consider he is living in luxury. Doubt if Minister of Health, though brave man, would care to try and prove it to him here. Must have been grand jolly family when working."

This is almost a typical example of a survivor in a derelict, and permanently derelict, Lancashire town. Gandhi in India, among other forces, has shut these mills for ever. A town of 100,000 people takes a long time to die, but the bombardment by starvation is as relentless as that by 15-inch guns, and more cruel in its prolongation.

Is there a remedy? Mr. Priestley cannot see it. He is honest in his admission, but he is driven to the conclusion that the sanctity of individual liberty may have to be infringed. "I do not like armies and navies, but as a rule I like soldiers and sailors, who are much better specimens of young manhood than street loafers and corner boys. It is a great pity that we did not devise some national scheme on these lines, forming a peaceful army of young men disciplined and trained to do jobs of work."

It would not be right to give the impression that this is a book wholly devoted to the gloomiest sections of England and her people. Mr. Priestley is too robust, too basically English in his taste not to vary his diet. He goes to the Nottingham Goose Fair. I am sorry for that adventure. He leaves an unfortunate and unjust picture of Nottingham, a city nobly placed, that has given birth to a larger proportion of famous men than any other city in England can boast of. Alas, the Goose Fair has fallen from its ancient fame. When it was held in the old market square there was nothing in the British Isles to compare with the richness, the gaiety, the almost Continental *fiesta*-like quality of this festival. Removed from its ancient market-place, the old quality has vanished, and only the sordid rowdiness remains.

Writing of Bradford, his native town, he observes with regret the absence now of the German-Jewish element that enriched its life fifty years ago. And, apropos of this, he makes a protest against idiotic nationalism. "Apart from the miserable meanness of the attitude itself—for the great England, the England admired throughout the world, is the England that keeps open house, the refuge of Mazzini, Marx, Lenin—history shows us that the countries that have driven out large numbers of their citizens for racial, religious, or political reasons, have always paid dearly for their intolerance."

I am putting this book on the shelf, in most fitting company, Dean Inge's *England*. These books state the case from the opposite sides, fairly, acutely, and with little prejudice. It says much for the skill of Mr. Priestley that an England we are apt to ignore springs into vigorous life, and the Englishman of the crowd becomes the fallible, lovable creature so puzzling to the Continental mind.

I have reached a pitch where I am inclined to cry, "No more Lawrence, please, of either variety!" Whether "D. H." or "T. E." the publicity visited on each has been grossly overdone, and the originals are in danger of taking their stand in the gallery of ballyhoo characters. **Captain Liddell Hart's T. E. Lawrence in Arabia and After (Cape. 15s.)**, has this virtue, it sums up in a final volume the total achievement of the "mystery" man, if one can apply that to a man never out of the limelight.

It seems to me the most balanced book, as well as the most informative, yet published, and it never loses its balance and falls into the trance of breathless adoration that is common to all the writers on T. E. An odd, freakish fellow, this uncrowned monarch of Arabia, and apt to be childish and puckish. There is, for instance, despite Captain Hart's serious attempt, no sensible explanation of Lawrence's dive into the ranks of the Air Force. It was bound to lead to an awkward situation, and my sympathies are all with the air marshals. It must have been rather like discovering one's chief guest giving a hand down in the scullery. There is also the incident of the losing of the manuscript of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* at Reading railway station. It is given as an instance of the absent-mindedness of genius. Actually, it reads like sheer imbecility.

But these are only blemishes on the statue of a giant. "No man," writes the author, "has come closer to equal greatness in action and reflection. The perfect balance may be unattainable." The complete history, as far as it can ever be divulged, has been briskly and intelligently told in this excellent volume. Captain Hart is a cool observer. He certainly falls under the spell of his subject, but it seems part of Lawrence's power that no one can move into his orbit and preserve himself from agitation by that magnetic personality. In the last sentence the author flings caution to the winds. "He is the Spirit of Freedom, come incarnate to a world in fetters." Thus again, the writer on Lawrence reverts to the John the Baptist role and assumes the Messianic strain.

Another Dickens Letter

The following letter was written by Charles Dickens to George Eliot, and the original, the property of Miss Elsie Druce, was sold at Sotheby's on March 6 for £58 :—

"Believe me, when I wrote to you on the subject of the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' I did nothing but relieve my mind, very inadequately, of the strong feelings of admiration with which you had filled it. Wherever I went, I said the same things. It was a rare & genuine delight to me to become acquainted in the spirit with so noble a writer; and it would have been hardly less difficult to me, to repress myself for good & all than to repress my admiration of such genius . . .

"'Adam Bede' has taken its place among the actual experiences & endurances of my life. Every high quality that was in the former book, is in that, with a World of Power added thereunto. The conception of Hetty's character is so extraordinarily subtle & true, that I laid the book down fifty times, to shut my eyes & think about it. I know nothing so skilful, determined, & uncompromising. The whole country life that the story is set in, is so real, so droll & genuine, & yet so select & polished by art, that I cannot praise it enough to you . . .

"I hope you will let me come to see you when we are all in or near London again, & tell you—as a curiosity—my reasons for the faith that was in me that you were a woman, & for the absolute & never-doubting confidence with which I have warned all men away from 'Adam Bede,' and nailed my colors to the mast with 'Eve' upon them."

The fact that I found Michael Deering, the hero of **Mr. Godfrey Winn's** novel, **Fly Away, Youth (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)**, a somewhat insufferable young prig, did not deter me from being carried on into the saga of his struggle to emerge as a novelist. Novels about novelists are apt to become mere records of literary tea parties or, nowadays, cocktail parties. Michael throughout suffered from thinking too much of himself, not an uncommon failing of youth. He was an unblushing *arriviste*, a social prig, and a person of adaptable morals. He flattered famous novelists to their faces, to earn their praise he wrote appalling rubbish for flapper papers, he shook his hair in the wind in the best pansy tradition, and altogether asked for a severe spanking. He conceived a passion for a married woman older than himself, and then took a mistress, though why he should not have married her early instead of later is never quite clear. From all this it would seem that this story deals with a preposterous young bounder. But Mr. Winn has a way with him. The dialogue has life, and he has the ability to portray those frothy, minor imbeciles who pass for Society in the night-clubs of the West End and the villas of the Riviera.

The real theme of Mr. Winn's book is the attempt of a young writer with a conscience not quite dead, but a body still hungry for the fleshpots, to emancipate himself from the adoration of gushing girl readers, and the editors of papers disseminating feminine mush. In the course of this struggle Mr. Winn gives us many quick portraits and some really excellent dialogue. I do not like his trick of introducing living people, nor do I like his lavatorial similes. On the other hand, how true and sharp-sighted is his allusion to the cinema, "that modern refuge of the physically lonely and the spiritually lost." Lastly, among this younger school of writers, Mr. Winn has the good sense to know that one writes to be read. With this in mind he has not given us a dull page. There is a sparkle and a zest that makes a long story of a very small theme, with very small people, both entertaining and human.

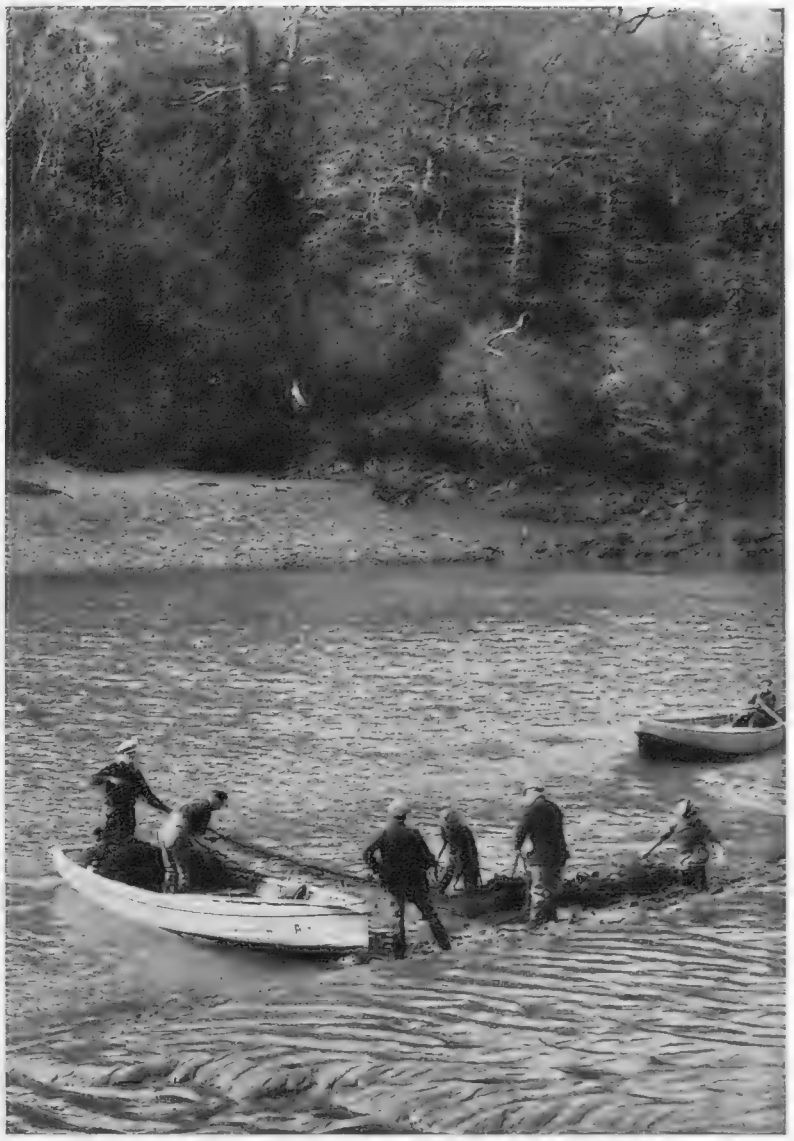
Within Two Years by George Bilainkin. (Sampson Low. 5s.) is the account of a visit to Poland. The author had the enormous advantage of being a fine linguist, who was therefore able to put questions and obtain answers. He calls Poland the tinder-box of Europe, which is a good description. But he lays stress throughout on the significant fact that Poland is to-day a powerful independent country, and that she no longer is subservient to France. The latter is now in the position of having to grapple her ally closer, in the face of a new orientation of affairs. The treaty with Germany, which many regard as only a temporary arrangement to enable Germany to set her house in powerful order, has not settled but only postponed the question of the Corridor.

I cannot find from Mr. Bilainkin's account, somewhat contradictory at times, anything that gives assurance of a final solution. He himself does not believe Germany will ever reconcile itself to the loss of the Corridor. With Danzig decaying and Gdynia growing, the tension must increase. There is, as Mr. Bilainkin points out, the industrial aspect. Poland can scarcely exist without German markets, and Germany has a rich opportunity once she can penetrate Poland. The final impression left by Mr. Bilainkin's very readable book is one of a dangerous impasse. Berlin is continuously removing any Danzig official who shows a spirit of compromise, according to M. Strasburger, late Commissioner-General for Poland in Danzig. But the galling effects of that Corridor were obvious to Mr. Bilainkin, and he rightly terms it a tinder-box.

On pages 456 and 458 of this issue will be found further reviews of some of the latest books together with a list of works of fiction, biography, etc., received by The Sphere during the past week.

IN SEARCH OF SALMON

ON THE SPEY: Mr. G. F. MacCorquodale of Dalchroy, Morayshire, playing a salmon on the Dalchroy waters while his ghillie, wading in the river, is steadying the boat. Mr. MacCorquodale is eighty years of age and a keen angler



ON THE TAMAR: Netting salmon from long boats near Cotshill. Salmon are most plentiful between February and August. The other five months are fixed by statute as the "close season"

THROWING BACK A KELT: Another scene on the Spey, where the salmon fishing season is now in full swing. Kelt is the name given in Scotland to a salmon in its spent state after spawning

A CURIOUS CATCH: This fish was caught by Mr. F. Adams of Cambridge in the River Delph at Welney. Mr. Adams was unable to identify it so he took it to the Zoological Museum at Cambridge where it was proclaimed to be a pike-perch belonging to a species usually found only in North American waters

A GOOD DAY'S SPORT: Mr. Hyde of Kempton Park, Sunbury-on-Thames, with the five salmon he caught on Woodend Water, Deeside, on March 9. Their weights are, from left to right, 22 lb., 20 lb., 19 lb., 19½ lb., and 8 lb.

PLAYS of TO-DAY

By PHILIP PAGE

"I CRAVE THE LAW, THE PENALTY AND FORFEIT OF MY BOND": The trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice* which has been put on for a short run at the Alhambra. Shylock (Franklin Dyall), Portia (Marie Ney), and Antonio (Basil Gill) are seen in the foreground

Time was, not so very long ago, when it was ordained that little girls should be seen and not heard. On the stage they were neither seen nor heard except in pantomimes or nice fairy plays at Christmas time, or as Alice in Wonderland, Eva, or little Willie Carlyle.

We have changed all that. We are shown play after play in which they chatter of their odd emotions, their "reactions" to this, that, and the other, their obsession with the quainter aspects of sex. The authors of such plays give the impression that their little women (so different from those of Louisa Alcott) read not Angela Brazil but Freud and Havelock Ellis.

Sixteen, the latest Embassy Theatre production, is from this stable but it is a rather healthier specimen than usual. It concerns a female hobbledehoy whose sex life has not begun fully to express itself—which is, I believe, the appropriate jargon. Irene, for that is her name, has not yet fallen in love with either girl or boy, but she has gone all wrong and odd about her own mother whom she idolizes to a selfish and wholly embarrassing degree.

The play is an ultra-sentimental and not in the least an unpleasant one. Irene is unpleasant only because she is grumpy and bad-tempered, and cannot see that if her pretty widowed mother wishes to marry again there is no earthly reason why she should not do so. There is some fun in the nursery when the engagement is announced, for Irene leaps with rage on her much nicer little sister (who, by the way, knows a thing or two) for suggesting that half-brothers and half-sisters might eventually arrive, and then leaps into the river. The ending is happy, for she is carried back on to the stage, limp and shivering, and after hot-water bottles, brandy, and a good talking-to by the family doctor (perfectly played by Mr. H. G. Stoker), seems to be about to take a less hysterical view of life.

MARIE NEY, who makes a very gracious Mistress of Belmont in *The Merchant of Venice*

"I WOULD OUT-STARE THE STERNEST EYES THAT LOOK, OUT-BRAVE THE HEART MOST DARING ON THE EARTH . . . YEA, MOCK THE LION WHEN HE ROARS FOR PREY, TO WIN THEE, LADY": The Prince of Morocco (Edgar Owen) proclaims his love for Portia (Marie Ney). An incident in *The Merchant of Venice* at the Alhambra. Standing behind Portia is Nerissa (Mary Marvin)

It struck me that, in the words of Bunthorne, "All might have been set right by calomel," which Mr. Stoker should have administered at the beginning of Act I. But then there would have been no more play, and on the whole *Sixteen* is a good play.

Miss Antoinette Cellier played Irene with the tragic intensity of another Antoinette on the way to the guillotine. She is, however, a young actress of undoubted promise, and perhaps some reason for the horror with which she regarded an amiable and quite rich step-father was afforded by the strange performance of the actor entrusted with that character.

The general level of acting was very high indeed, with Miss Helen Haye as the child's grandmother at the peak of it; after seeing Miss Haye play year after year imperiously aristocratic matrons it was pleasant to see her tender pathos, her true understanding of a complex character, and to realize the versatility of this fine actress.

"The Merchant of Venice."—That Shakespearean *Magnolia Street*, known as *The Merchant of Venice*, is really a most unsatisfactory play. I am no iconoclast, particularly where The Bard, before whom I grovel, as grovel one should, is concerned. But except for the glory of its poetry, *The Merchant* can be as painful as the cutting of a pound of flesh from next the heart. The choosing of the caskets is tedious, the Jew-baiting is jarring, the love of Portia and Bassanio is fantastically unreal, and "Les Gobbos" are of all Shakespearean clowns, the least funny. The tantalizing, incontestible fact, none the less, is that the thing is immortal.

I do not say that, in the colloquial parlance of the modern theatre, *The Merchant of Venice*, labelled a comedy, should be "played for laughs." But about the present revival at the Alhambra Theatre there is rather a portentous solemnity. There are long pauses, and far too many of the players drop their voices at the end of lines, which in a theatre of this size is a disastrous mistake. A famous comedian used to say of the Coliseum that the only method was to "bark into the chasm." The Alhambra is also to some extent a chasm, and this excellent company would be well advised to get a move on, not to be afraid even of shouting a bit sometimes, and to play with greater dash. One who seemed, in the circumstances, exactly right was Mr. Laidman Browne, who played Gratiano.

In other respects Colonel Stanley Bell is to be congratulated on his production, which has both taste and imagination. The scenery is picturesque and realistic without being overwhelming; the grouping is first-rate; and it was entrancing, if in view of a recent tragedy rather sad, to hear the late Mr. Norman O'Neill's lovely incidental music. His songs were sung with boyish purity of tone—a wise piece of casting this—by Miss Peggy Church.

Mr. Franklyn Dyall as Shylock varied from good to very good. Miss Marie Ney has in some parts proved herself so brilliant an actress that I am loth to confess that I found her Portia disappointing. She did, however, show a real emotion while her three suitors were choosing the caskets, but, on the whole, her interpretation of the part was rather too modern.

"The Country Wife" and "Love for Love."—After doses of Freudian adolescence the Restoration drama is like a healthy walk over Salisbury Plain in a keen easterly wind. Strange that Congreve and Wycherley should ever come to be regarded as antidotes. I enjoyed to the full my visits to the Ambassadors' for *The Country Wife*, and to Sadler's Wells for *Love for Love*. The latter is the better play and

the former the better fun, though the entertainment value of both is high.

The production of *The Country Wife* is not too stylised—a type of treatment which can very easily be overdone. The piece is played easily and naturally; the complexities of the plot would become tedious were they insisted upon with too much solemnity, for they are not intrinsically amusing, and hang together in so bewildering a fashion that the scenes could be given in a different order every night without the audience being any the wiser, or the more—or less—bewildered. What matters is the wit, and of that there is plenty. Audiences in London no longer leap in their seats when such words as "harlot" and "cuckold" are uttered on the stage; that is fortunate for the furniture of the Ambassadors, since those words occur every thirty seconds or so.

But the double meanings evoke the same semi-shocked titters which greet Mr. George Robey's patter, and are redoubled when Mr. Robey follows them up with, "Well, have I said anything dreadful?" I would like, by the way, to see Mr. Robey in some seventeenth-century piece of bawdiness one of these days.

Of course, any play which turns, as does *The Country Wife*, on the success of a squire of dames because most of the other squires consider him to be sexually impotent, is hardly food for babes, though some of our 1934 babes would wolf it down with avidity. Mr. Balliol Holloway plays this part competently, but not more than that. Miss Agnes Lauchlan is far and away better than anyone else, not only because she looks right—she looks exactly like a Lely—but because she has the necessary air of amusing impropriety. She can even leer with a fascinating foulness. Miss Lesley Wareing, who is becoming a first-rate little comedienne, puts plenty of humour into the letter scene, and Mr. Edmund Willard is sufficiently grim and stolid as her suspicious husband.

Love for Love at the "Wells" I found chiefly remarkable for the charming comedy work of Miss Ursula Jeans, the farcical and very clever handling of the character of the country girl by Miss Elsa Lanchester, and the "Mr. Tattle" of Mr. Charles Laughton. The instruction scene between Mr. Laughton and Miss Lanchester was a gem. Mr. Laughton manages to impart a brilliant touch of licentiousness to almost every part he plays; here it was not only justified but demanded.

Now that there is some vogue for plays of this type, let me recommend those who are interested in them, and in their period, to read *The Restoration Drama*, by Mr. Montague Summers, which has just been published (Kegan Paul. 15s.). This is described as "An account of the technique of the playwrights of Charles II and the practical staging of plays in the Restoration Theatre," and it ably lives up to the description. Mr. Summers has much to say about Congreve, Wycherley, Thomas ("Venice Preserved") Otway, Dryden, Shadwell, and that strange figure, Mrs. Aphra Behn.

Most of the comedies performed in those days concluded as a matter of course with a dance, and we learn that "at the conclusion of *The Country Wife* we have a dance of cuckolds, presumably an antic." I recommend the suggestion to Mr. Sydney Carroll, who in one of his more antic moods may see fit to adopt it.

How mighty is the distance between the plays of Charles II's reign and the modern plays about it! As pure as the driven snow in *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, and, if some of the snow has melted, the revival at the Prince's Theatre, "starring" Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry in the part her mother made famous, I found well worth seeing. Here is romance and romance and yet again romance, with no attempt at the analytical period play, whether historical or biographical. So an old-fashioned setting and old-fashioned methods well suited it. Miss Neilson-Terry flung herself into the spirit of it with true theatrical abandon; had she even for one moment allowed herself to be natural she would have been incongruous.

I have an idea that the real Nell Gwynn was a rather more feminine type and not quite so terrifyingly tom-boyish. But we are not concerned with reality here at all. Mr. Ivan Samson played Charles in the true romantic vein, and looked vastly handsome and genial; that was quite a near enough representation for the Prince's Theatre of a monarch who was an ugly devil and as sardonic as you make 'em.

"Without Witness."—There seems to be no reason why *Without Witness*, by Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson, should not rival the astounding success of the former's *Ten Minute Alibi*, which also came southward from that enterprising and lucky theatrical incubator, the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage. This "thriller" is now at the Duke of York's in revised and improved form. It always looked like achieving a long run, and this has now been made much more probable by the addition of a new and better last act.

The solution of the problem of how that drunken and generally undesirable husband, Maurice Treyford, met his death is substantially the same; but some of the mystery, which was rather too baffling, has been pruned away. Did his wife accidentally-on-purpose put too much sedative in his tumbler? She had plenty of justification. She did not seem to be a murderess, and if she was—well, I do not propose to unravel tangles which plenty of people like to buy seats in order to unravel for themselves. The process is likely to be quite exciting. There have been several changes of cast, Miss Joan Marion and Mr. Nicholas Hannen now playing the distracted wife and her adorer. But Mr. Hugh E. Wright remains as the detective, and uncommonly good he is.

SHOWS TO SEE

ADELPHI: *Magnolia Street.*

APOLLO: Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!*

DUCHESS: *Laburnum Grove.*

HAYMARKET: Robert Douglas and Anthony Ireland in *Ten Minute Alibi.*

HIPPODROME: Jack Buchanan in *Mr. Whittington.*

"WITHOUT WITNESS": A scene from Act II of Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's detective thriller at the Duke of York's Theatre. The police surgeon (Clifford Marquand) and Dr. Mary Richardson (Marion Fawcett), who are on the extreme left, are quarrelling politely over the amount of poison imbibed in his brandy by Maurice Treyford, who lies dead in the next room. The others, reading from left to right, are: Police-Constable England (Clifford Buckton), Detective-Inspector Mayhew (Hugh E. Wright), Geoffrey Harting (Nicholas Hannen), and Detective-Constable Tallington (John Clifford)

ANOTHER SCENE FROM "WITHOUT WITNESS": The butler (Edgar K. Bruce) arrives at an opportune moment with some tea, after the Detective-Inspector (Hugh E. Wright) has exhausted Mrs. Treyford (Joan Marion) by making her reconstruct the scene in her husband's flat before he died. Finally the Inspector ingeniously unravels the mystery and clears Mr. Treyford's name. This play was originally presented at the Embassy last year, but since then has undergone extensive revision

GEORGE RAFT AND SALLY RAND IN "BOLERO": This film, which is featured at the Carlton, is the life story of an American dancer, who, at each step up the ladder of fame, leaves a broken heart

MAINLY from the PROVINCES

PREPARING FOR FUTURE DROUGHTS: Excavating the foundations of the new dam which is to be built near Talybont, Breconshire, and which will convert a valley into a vast lake for supplying the town of Newport, Monmouthshire, with water

THE MANIFOLD VALLEY LIGHT RAILWAY, which gave access to one of the best-known beauty spots in the Derbyshire Peak district, has now been closed. In the background is Thor's cave

PASCH-EGGING: Children attending the village school at Midgley, Yorkshire, are to broadcast on the North Regional programme on Good Friday a description of the old Easter custom of pasch-egging. This is a survival of a resurrection play and in the North Country takes many different forms. The usual practice is for the boys to don fancy dress and to go from house to house asking for eggs. These they take home to be dyed and boiled hard, and afterwards they roll them down the hillside until only one, "the conqueror," remains unbroken

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, President of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, presenting Mr. George B. Blaker with a gold medal in recognition of his work in carrying out a census of barn owls in England and Wales. He discovered that there were about 25,000 of these useful birds. One of the vice-presidents of the society is Lord Desborough, who is seen standing next to the Duchess of Portland

BEFORE THE RAIN CAME: *Left*—A Buckinghamshire reservoir as it was at the beginning of the month. *Right*—The Yallow reservoir near Chorley, Lancashire

While local councils were appealing to people to save water, rain suddenly descended and thousands of acres of land in northern England were flooded. Homes that had been menaced by a water famine suddenly became in danger of being swept away by the flood-waters while, in some districts, considerable numbers of sheep and cattle were drowned. Britain is noted for the vagaries of its climate, but extremes such as this are, fortunately, rare.

Just as the old Inn has stood the test of time, so have the Dunlop Tyres that bring you to it. They have both been *built to last.*

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. *Janet Jevons*

POPULAR FAVOURITES AFTER A DANCE

A REFRESHING PICTURE OF
MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE

PERSONALITIES IN THE LIMELIGHT

SURREY'S NEW SKIPPER: Mr. E. R. T. Holmes who has been appointed to the captaincy of the Surrey Cricket Club in succession to Mr. Jardine. He was educated at Malvern and Oxford where he gained his blue as a freshman

DEADLOCK: Negotiations between representatives of the Lancashire and the Japanese cotton and artificial silk industries came to an end last week when both sides issued statements setting forth the reasons why they had been unable to come to any agreement to limit competition. The deadlock mainly resulted from the refusal of the Japanese delegates to negotiate an agreement to cover world markets—they were prepared to consider only the markets of the United Kingdom and the British colonies. *Left*—Sir Ernest Thompson and Mr. W. H. Catterel leaving the Board of Trade after the breakdown of the conference. *Right*—Mr. Okada, chairman of the Japanese delegates, and Mr. K. Shrimada

MR. H. D. BARTLETT, of Cambridge University, who recently won the Men's Open British Foil Championship at Bertrand's Academy

THE LEVEE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: *Left*—The Rajkumar Man Singh, of Banera, receiving the shelter of an umbrella outside the Palace. He was presented to the King by the political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State for India. *Right*—Officers waiting for their cars after the levee

ONE OF THE VERY FEW UNPOSED PICTURES OF THE ELUSIVE GARBO: This photograph was taken with Miss Garbo's own camera. Her latest film success is *Queen Christina* in which she gives an excellent interpretation of the character of the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus

M. LAMOUREUX, the French Minister of Commerce, who arrived in London last week to discuss Anglo-French trade relations with Mr. Walter Runciman. He is seen here with his wife and M. Corbin, the French Ambassador

FOR the COLLECTOR and CONNOISSEUR

ONE OF A PAIR OF ITALIAN CASSONE sold at Christie's last month for 2,300 guineas

Easter is upon us and with it comes a short pause in the sale-rooms and a time to look around before the great events of the summer season. So far the early months of the year have brought us two sales of importance, the first being at Messrs. Christie's on February 14, when Lord Mount Temple sold a James I silver-gilt rosewater ewer and dish, which had been in the collection of the 3rd Viscount Palmerston. This ewer and dish, profusely chased and engraved, bears the date 1615 and the maker's mark. The opening bid was for £500, and it was finally knocked down at £2,450, which works out at about £20 per oz. At this same sale was a Charles II two-handled porringer and cover (1674) which bore the arms of Pluknet impaling Godfrey, whose name recalls the famous incident of the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey (Edmund Berry is the correct rendering of his name). All remember how Sir Edmund was unlucky enough to be the magistrate before whom Titus Oates swore the truth of his story of the Popish Plot, to murder the King and place James, the Duke of York, upon the throne. The next morning Sir Edmund was found murdered and all London at once assumed that the Papists had done the deed, and believed more firmly than ever in Oates. This silver porringer belonged to Sir Edmund's sister when she married Augustine Pluknet. It realized £435 4s. 6d.

The other sale of importance was on February 15, also at Messrs. Christie's, when the appearance of two large walnut cassone created great interest. They had attracted the attention of Christie's expert (when visiting Hatherop Castle in Gloucestershire, the seat of Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart.), who considered them particularly fine examples of sixteenth-century Florentine woodwork. His opinion was justified in the sale-room, for in spite of their large size (nearly 6 ft. wide) which made them awkward for private collectors, they realized the notable sum of £2,415. The panels were carved with scenes in high relief illustrating the stories of Judith and Holofernes, and Esther and Ahasuerus. They were bought for an American collector, who resides in England. The Battersea Enamel Toilet Service at the same sale was an excellent example of the charm of the Battersea work—it consisted of a casket, four smaller boxes, and a tray, all beautifully painted with pastoral scenes of shepherds and shepherdesses. It was sold for 340 guineas. There has been no book sale of outstanding importance this year, but for the ordinary collector there have been opportunities to add many good things to his bookshelves. An interesting sale, for instance, took place at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 5 and 6, when the catalogue presented a very varied selection. For historians there were the two collections, formerly belonging to Prince Eugène Beauharnais (not to be confused with Prince Eugène of Savoy, Marlborough's friend), the stepson of Napoleon. One collection consisted of upwards of 6,000 autograph letters and documents of the statesmen, generals, and most of the higher officials in France of the Napoleonic period; £820 was given for this, and £700 for the second collection of no less than 22,800 letters and State documents (including private and intimate letters from the Empress Marie Louise), acquired during Prince Eugène's vice-royalty of Italy. Burns enthusiasts had been attracted to this sale, as a portrait of Jean Armour, the wife of the poet, was to be obtained, as well as an autograph letter and the poet's own copy of the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, containing all the favourite Scottish tunes.

Colonel Dunlop, one of the trustees of the Burns Cottage Museum at Alloway, was present as a bidder but failed to obtain the portrait, which was bought in, a very high reserve having been placed upon it by the owner, Mrs. Burns Gowring. He did, however, secure the letter to Mr. Robert Cleghorn of Saughton Mills for £245. *The Caledonian Pocket Companion* was bought by Mr. Gabriel Wells of New York for £340, which we understand is £40 more than it obtained when last in the sale-rooms.

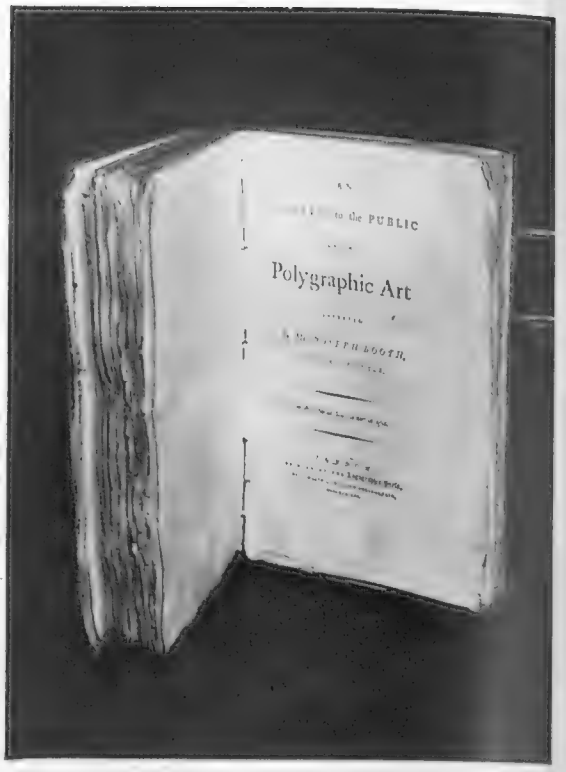
A portrait of John Milton, painted in 1670, when the poet was sixty-two years old, belonging to Lieut.-Colonel Sir Vere Hobart, the sole surviving representative of the Milton family, aroused interest as it claimed to be the original of the famous engraved portrait by Faithorne, first published in 1670. Of late years this claim has been disputed and it was thought that its reception in the sale-room would "once and for all confirm or disprove its authority." If that were the case, then apparently it is thought very little of, as it was knocked down at £115 to Mr. Scheuer, the New York bookseller.

An apparently unrecorded edition of the *Second Letter of Columbus*, containing six woodcuts, printed at Basle in 1493, fetched £460. A letter from Charles Dickens to George Eliot, describing his admiration for *Adam Bede* which he said "has taken its place among the actual experiences and endurances of my life," and also his confident belief that she was a woman, in spite of the pseudonym. This letter had been in the possession of Miss Elsie Druce, the niece of Mr. J. W. Cross, the husband and biographer of "George Eliot." This realized £58.

A full account has already been given in a previous issue of THE SPHERE of the important sale of furniture, pictures, and silver belonging to the late Mr. Leopold Hirsch, which will occupy the whole of the second week in May at Messrs. Christie's, and in the same rooms on April 26, the highly important Adam furniture, and Gobelins tapestry belonging to the Marquess of Zetland removed from 19, Arlington Street, will be sold. With the princely magnificence of the eighteenth century, Sir Laurence Dundas, ancestor of the present Lord Zetland, gave instructions to Robert Adam to furnish and decorate his two houses, the one in London and Moor Park in the country. Adam interpreted his orders very liberally, spending something like £10,000 for the work which covered about three years in operation. He also instructed James Neilson, a Scotsman working in Paris, to carry out eleven panels of Gobelins tapestry to hang in Moor Park, to be designed by François Boucher, the most popular artist of his day in Paris. The bill for these tapestries, which were completed in 1769, together with the tapestries for the suite of chairs was no less than £28,000.

Some interesting letters which have been preserved, from Neilson, show how keen was the interest of Lady Dundas in these tapestries and how anxious she was that the background should be *grey*, instead of the rather vivid pink to be seen at Osterley. The splendid tapestries were only visible in their glory at Moor Park, for which they had been originally designed, for a very few years. Moor Park was sold in 1784, and the tapestries removed to Arlington Street where they have hung ever since. They consist of eleven panels, of differing sizes, with oval medallions of Boucher subjects—typical pastoral scenes. It is these famous tapestries which are to be sold on April 26, when the equally important Moor Park Gobelins tapestry suite of furniture, consisting of ten armchairs, two settees, four fire-screens, and a pair of stools, are on sale. The giltwood frames are by Robert Adam in Louis Quinze style, and the tapestries executed by James Neilson.

PART OF A BATTERSEA ENAMEL TOILET SERVICE: The whole set was sold at Christie's for 340 guineas



POLYGRAPHIA

Some Further Notes Regarding an Ingenious Process

Very great interest has been aroused in art circles concerning the method of reproducing pictures by an oil paint process which was practised in the eighteenth century and possibly at other times. A first description of this process was given in THE SPHERE of March 10. Reference was made to certain pictures by de Loutherbourg which were reproduced in *oil paint* by the polygraphia process, which comprised the use of stretched silk screens. The modern method of using this process was described in the same issue. We are now able, by the courtesy of the St. Bride Foundation Institute, to give a reproduction of the title-page of an interesting document in which the polygraphia process is enlarged upon but without giving away its secrets. This "Address to the Public," by Mr. Joseph Booth, portrait painter, is bound up in a volume of tracts all dating from the later half of the eighteenth century. The polygraphia tract itself does not bear a date but obviously comes from the same period. The following is an extract from the text describing Mr. Joseph Booth's invention:—

"Mechanical invention is one of the great pillars that support the grandeur of the British Empire. Though there are various manufactures and arts, in which other nations, especially the Germans, equal us in respect of excellence; with regard to expedition we are unrivalled. Hence, notwithstanding the high expense of living, and the growing pressure of accumulated taxes, in articles of iron, steel, wool, cotton, turnery, earthen ware, and others, we are able to undersell nations where labour is twice as cheap as in England and the expense of living twice as low.

"But it was reserved to Mr. Booth, the author of this invention, of multiplying pictures in oil colours, with all the properties of the original paintings, whether in regard to outline, expression, size, variety of tints, or other circumstances, to apply with success, Mechanical invention, and particularly the power of Chymistry to the diffusion and perpetuation of the most generally pleasing and captivating of the liberal arts.

"The invention of multiplying or copying pictures in oil colours by a mechanical and chymical process was at first stiled Polyplasiasmos. But, the Gentlemen who have united themselves with the inventor into a Society for the purpose of protecting and patronizing this ingenious art, have determined to design it, in future, by the title of Polygraphic: a term more analogous, and, at the same time, more expressive of the invention in question, the grand object, and distinguishing property, or characteristic of which, is, to produce many pictures.

"The great end and advantage of the Polygraphic Art, then, is, that by a mechanical and chymical process, without any touch or finishing by the hand, and without any injury whatever to the original painting, it produces such an exact copy or likeness, as cannot without difficulty and close attention, be distinguished from the archetype, even by the eye of an Artist or Connoisseur, and such as possesses all the qualities, and produces the full effect, of the most finished painting; while the price at which it can be delivered to the public is a mere trifle, commonly under, but never exceeding the tenth part of the value of the original.

"The experience of twelve years, renders it probable, and indeed almost certain, that these pictures being done in oil colours, will, at least equal their originals in point of duration. For this new system of drawing and colouring is not subject to changing, cracking, peeling, or any other of those inconveniences, which too frequently attend firstrate pictures painted in the usual way; so that it will multiply pictures in such a manner as to perpetuate the genius, style, and effect of the most celebrated painters, to the most distant ages."

THE BOAT RACE OF 1934

CAMBRIDGE'S RECORD ROW: A view of the Boat Race as the crews were nearing Hammersmith Bridge. Cambridge, by winning the race in 18 min. 3 sec., beat the record established by Oxford in 1911 by nearly half a minute. The Cambridge crew was probably the strongest that has ever rowed in the race, although not possessing any great style. Oxford, who also beat the 1911 record, were excellently stroked by A. V. Sutcliffe and were decidedly unlucky in meeting such unusually powerful opposition. *Inset above*—N. J. Bradley, the Cambridge stroke, being cheered as he carried in his oar after the race

A WORD OF ADVICE: Ted Phelps, the famous sculler talking to J. N. Duckworth, the Cambridge cox. Duckworth made an error of judgment at Hammersmith which probably lost Cambridge several lengths

OLD CAMBRIDGE BLUES WHO WATCHED THE RACE FROM FOLLOWING LAUNCHES: *Left*—Mr. C. R. M. Eley who rowed for Cambridge in 1924. *Centre*—Mr. G. Parker (1901) and Mr. G. E. Tower (1913-14). *Right*—The Rev. S. Swan (1883, 1884, and 1885)

CONGRATULATIONS: K. M. Payne, the Cambridge president, and J. N. Duckworth, the cox, shaking hands after their victory

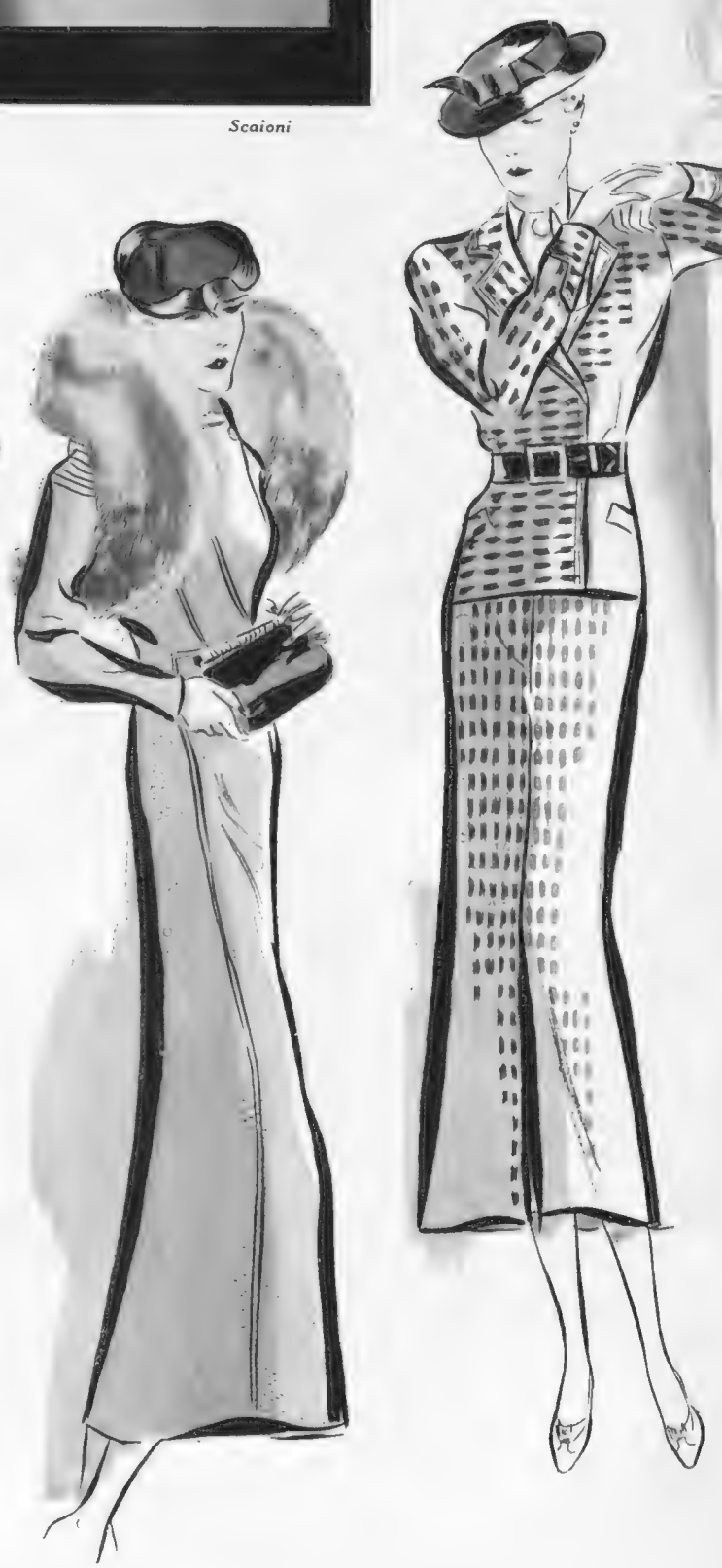
BOAT-RACE NIGHT CELEBRATIONS: Some of those present at the Cambridge University Boat Club Dance at the Savoy Hotel. Left to right—Mr. Butler Madden, Miss Joan Park, Mr. R. C. Hutchinson, Miss R. Calmettes, Mr. Pattrick, Miss Barry, Miss K. Henley, Mr. R. W. McDowall, Miss B. Cuthbertson, and Mr. Waterlow

Scaioni

A black paper panama hat with a wedge-shaped piece taken out of the front of the brim. It has a straight, shallow crown, a severe grosgrain ribbon, and a cluster of red, white, and blue feather cornflowers. Created by Jean Patou it comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge

The plaid taffeta blouse with the spade-shaped jabot is made in riotously lovely colours and costs 59s. 6d., while the French kid gloves with white stitched points and petal cuffs may be bought for 16s. 9d. These also come from Harrods

CHECKS . . PLAIDS and FEATHER CORNFLOWERS



Formal coats for the spring are distinguished by unobtrusive details rather than by eccentricities of shape or forced originality of fabrics. Those that are full length are all very slender with well-defined waists, and most of them have high necklines. There is a very decided feeling for light colours, and the coat on the right is an admirable example of what can be chosen with confidence, for it is becoming, and it shows to perfection one of the best silhouettes of the coming months. Made of oatmeal and beige diagonally woven tweed, it has a lynx collar, and rows of stitching across the top of the sleeves simulate the dropped shoulder line which is so important. It costs 12½ guineas at Swan and Edgar's of Piccadilly Circus, W.

No longer is there a sharp division between "country" suits and those that are worn in town. There is, of course, the marvellously-cut tailleur that is worn with an elaborate blouse, and is almost as formal as an afternoon dress. But a great number of the new spring suits are designed for the busy woman who has no time for a multitude of clothes, but who wants to be well dressed. Of this type is the suit on the extreme right. It is made in a soft tweed with a broken check in brown and white or navy and white, and it has a wide leather belt. The jacket has two slanting pockets, and there is a deep inverted pleat in the centre of the skirt. This costs 7½ guineas, and it too comes from Swan and Edgar

HUMPTY DUMPTY

WITH A DIFFERENCE

(and, of course, with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"The piece I'm going to repeat," said Humpty Dumpty, "was not written entirely for your amusement. It contains a Moral. You know what Morals are, I suppose?"

"No, I don't think I do," said Alice.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Humpty Dumpty, and began :—

I sent a waiter for a drink,
I told him "Guinness—large, I think."

The waiter soon returned, and he
Regretfully replied to me.

His disappointing answer was
"We cannot do it, Sir, because—"

He jerked his thumb towards the clock;
I looked at it; I got a shock.

"I'm afraid," said Alice, "I don't quite understand what the clock has got to do with it."

"Nor does anyone else," said Humpty Dumpty, "but it gets easier further on."

The waiter whispered in my ear;
"I will!" I answered, "Good idea!"

I tipped him once, I tipped him twice,
I thanked him for his sound advice.

I took a post-card, large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went thump, my heart went hop;
I wrote an order to the shop.

I said to them, I said it pat,
"Send round twelve Guinness to my flat."

Next day there came, as sure as Fate,
A dozen Guinness in a crate.

I took a glass down from the shelf,
"And now," I said, "I'll serve myself!"

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" Alice timidly asked.

"What more do you want?" said Humpty Dumpty. "Goodbye."

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 393

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

For many years the Bentley car has been building up a reputation for itself, and when the old company ceased business it was practically supreme in the sports car class. This fame extended not only to this country but also abroad, where it had won many races, a fact which always impresses the foreigner. When it was learnt that a new Bentley was to be produced and that it would emerge from the Rolls-Royce works at Derby, many of the experts thought that even then the new could never be so good as the old. Events, however, have proved otherwise. High as the reputation of the old Bentleys was, the new 3½ litre is already beginning to improve on it. Almost as by a miracle the new Bentley Company has succeeded in wedding speed with silence. Actually there is a third attribute of the car which is outstanding and which is, of course, more important than the other two, and that is safety.

Up to now the man or woman who wishes to travel about the country, putting up high average speeds, has had to buy a sports car, of which there are a great number, and many of these will travel at speeds well in excess of 80 m.p.h., but the driver, passengers, and people on the roadside have had to put up with noises, for until the Bentley came along speed could not be properly dissociated from a well-tuned exhaust note. My only fear is that the Bentley may have arrived just a little too late, because the sports car enthusiast has been led to believe so long that his car must make a din if it is to travel quickly. At any rate it remains to be seen whether the presence of hundreds of these Bentley cars on the road will convert the speed enthusiast to the correct way of thinking, namely, that speed can go hand in hand with silence.

WAYSIDE BEAUTY: Quaint lamps light the village of Stanton in Worcestershire. This little-known beauty spot is only a few miles from the village of Broadway. The car in the foreground is an Alvis "Speed Twenty"

Many of the sports cars on the road to-day are driven in such a way that they are a direct danger to other road users. The control which the driver exercises over his car appears to diminish very rapidly as the speed rises. Not so with the Bentley. After my experience in driving one of these cars during a recent week-end I am quite convinced that any crusty old magistrate or over-zealous police official could be converted quite quickly after having had a run and made to realize that speed does not necessarily mean accidents. The passengers in this Bentley could be served with and consume afternoon tea, even in the back seats, in comfort whilst travelling at 75 to 80 m.p.h. On the days when the car was being driven by me rain fell at frequent intervals so that nearly all the time the surface was wet, yet never once in about 300 miles was there the slightest sign of the car skidding. Personally, I felt that I have taken far greater risks in driving many cars at 45 m.p.h. than I did when travelling at 80 m.p.h. in the Bentley.

TIRED BUT TRIUMPHANT: Miss Sanderson, a competitor in the Bournemouth Rally, unpacking her luggage in anticipation of a much-needed rest at the end of the 1,000-mile drive

It is difficult to decide which feature impressed me most, but I think that the most amazing attribute is the ability of the car to amble along without any effort or any noise at about 75 m.p.h. I certainly have not driven any other car which could in any way compare with the Bentley in this respect. The car appeared to flash by hundreds of other cars which seemed to be stationary, yet I know full well that I was no more a danger to myself or other road users than the drivers of these other vehicles.

To look at the brakes, or to be correct the brake drums, one would not imagine that the car's powers of retardation were anything very startling, but like one or two other cars I know of, size does not appear to be the determining factor in efficiency. These brakes do definitely stop the car in a remarkably short space and the pressure that has to be applied by one's foot is very slight. I, for one, would not ask for better brakes.

Then, again the popular idea of a sport's car is one on which the suspension is so hard at low speeds that the driver and his passengers are thoroughly shaken even when going over a comparatively smooth road. The Bentley shows quite unmistakably that it is possible to produce a suspension that will absorb road shocks at low speed as well as at high speeds, and yet be stiff enough in the latter case to ensure that the car is perfectly controllable even when taking bends with bumpy surfaces.

(Continued on p. 454)

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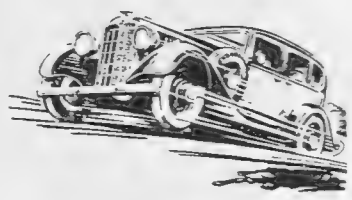

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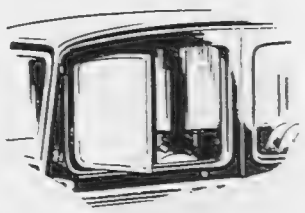

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THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 452)

I expect there are quite a number of cars which are equally fast, but although the Bentley gives its owner speed it also gives silence and safety, and it is these two qualities which, when combined with the first mentioned, make this new car absolutely unique. I would also like to mention that it is a very docile vehicle, and if the driver wishes to meander along a busy street at 10 m.p.h. in top gear the car will carry out the driver's wishes. No one who has an opportunity of experiencing a short run in one of these cars should miss it, for it will give a real thrill and yet a thrill with perfect safety.

On taking out my motor boat on the Thames the other day, I was agreeably surprised to find that the Thames Conservancy have now reduced their lock charges and their annual licence fee for boats. This looks to me as if the river authorities were at last endeavouring to increase the popularity of motor boating on the Thames. I am only sorry that they did not put the change into force twelve months ago when I had to take my boat through more than thirty locks in order to reach my summer bungalow. I am also informed that the powers that be are at last going to allow motor boat owners to carry a fire extinguisher instead of a box of sand as has up to now been prescribed. This is certainly evidence of a more modern outlook, and so I venture to make a suggestion. The journey I did the other day occupied three hours of my time and a little more than half was taken up in getting through the six locks encountered. I will not criticize the authorities because the lock-keeper was not always on the look-out for customers, for the season had scarcely commenced, nor will I make any complaints on account of my passenger having to get up out of the boat in order to acquaint the lock-keeper that I desired to pass through, because in all probability the electric horn on the boat was not making too good a response to the pressure on the operating button.

But what I would like to ask, not only the Thames Conservancy, but other river authorities, cannot something be done to speed up the actual lock machinery? Surely, there must be some more expeditious way of opening and shutting sluices than by winding with a handle and making journeys from one end of the lock to the other in order to manipulate the whole set. I would have imagined that when traffic was not busy that some kind of slot machine could be installed which would, after the appropriate coin had been inserted, open and shut the sluices and gates. There would, of course, be great difficulties, but I am sure more complicated problems of control have previously been solved by the skilful application of electricity. Even if boat owners could get into the lock automatically, leaving the egress of the boats still under the control of the lock-keeper much time would be saved. If that is taking too much of a step for the time being, river users would be greatly convenienced if all the locks were linked up by telephone.

SENSIBLE SIGN-POSTS: One of the new low direction posts which will be such a boon to motorists—especially at night

EMPEROR ONCE AGAIN

(Continued from p. 430)

chief eunuch, Lien Ying, of armour and medieval weapons, of concubines and proud court ceremonies, and then the contrast of rags and tatters, the Emperor fleeing disguised as a coolie, followed by the middle class life in Tientsin where tea parties and tennis took the place of the glittering splendour of the Forbidden City, until the young man again fled to reappear this time as a ruler of his own people.

Pu Yi has great charm of manner, a pleasingly soft voice, and beautiful hands. He has also a sense of humour. Owing to his association with Sir Reginald Johnston he is an ardent admirer of England and the English, and knows much about their history and constitution; in fact, if he adopted the name of Henry and called his wife Elizabeth, it was in honour of the great Tudor king and his equally great daughter. He is quite evidently an administrator of merit, he is a conscientious worker, and has that excellent trait in his character of not being too proud to learn.

Every morning Pu Yi gets up at 7.30 and goes to his office at nine, where he studies newspapers written in Chinese, Japanese, and English, after which he receives visitors. At noon he lunches, takes a rest, and then rides or plays tennis, after which he returns to his work. When he has finished dining he usually plays billiards with the Empress, or reads books which include contemporary works by Eastern and Western writers, as well as the classics. Saturdays he devotes to listening to lectures by eminent scholars and military experts.

R. V. C. Bodley

KING LEOPOLD'S HEAVY CROWN

(Continued from p. 434)

masks and cellars for the short while prior to the very heavens bursting in anger at the onslaught. De Man is roping in young anti-conscriptionists.

I can hardly tell you adequately of a second much-discussed man and movement, the Catholic Paul Crokaert who has as forum the leader column of *Le Soir* and has been going all out after the bankers, laying most of the national ills at their door, and loudly demanding that "*l'hyper-capitalism*" shall cease. Crokaert is not so far from De Man and is a character—straight, generous, able, and the holder of Cabinet post after post though he entered politics only a short while back. He has Catholic youth at his beck and call, this even clamouring for revolution, and it is known that King Albert, often in latter times spoken of as leaning to neo-Socialism from a former Liberalism, frequently had Crokaert to conference. Confronting the latter is M. Franqui, leader of orthodox banking but keeping silent these times on the plea of national mourning.

In the past Belgium has been a microcosm in which have been reflected new world tendencies. The Middle Classes (King Albert always insisted on the plural) are obviously ripe for revolt and so is youth—and this refers to all colours, green, red, puce. Are these twin elements weldable into a whole? Or shall the Right knock the Left out of business, over the heads of others, as recently occurred in Austria?

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Annual Meeting of the Society will be held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W., on Tuesday, May 15, at 3 o'clock. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will preside. Reserved seats may be had on application to the Secretary at 5s. and 2s. 6d. It is sincerely hoped that by May 15 the £6,000 balance of debt outstanding on the New *Arethusa* Training Ship may be cleared off. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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LORD MACAULAY EXPOSED

"The New Examen," by John Paget
(Haworth Press. 10s. 6d.)

The art which has come to bear the most unlovely name of "de-bunking" has few more easy quarries than Lord Macaulay, and fewer still more brilliant exponents than John Paget, whose exposure of Lord Macaulay's misstatements is such a thrilling piece of literary detective work that one is astonished that his *New Examen, or an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to Certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History*, published in book form in 1861, and reissued with other essays in 1874, has not been reprinted since then. There has been nothing like it since the late Mr. Horace Round demolished, with almost superfluous venom, the blundering genealogist in his mordant essays, *Peerage and Pedigree*.

If Paget's work had not been remembered by the late Lord Rosebery—an Autolycus of literary and historical "unconsidered trifles"—and been mentioned by him to Mr. Churchill, it would not have reappeared to-day as it does in beautiful format; in marked contradistinction to its shabby original form. Paget's work has, however, become historical in itself, for it is *The New Examen* which gave Mr. Churchill the cue for his defence of Marlborough. It is rather unfortunate, however, that the reprint should have been more or less thrown at us, with a truncated title page, no account of its incisive author, and the suppression of his preface and index.

John Paget, who was born in 1811, eleven years after Macaulay, and who lived to be eighty-seven, was a Leicestershire man, and it is not without its irony that Macaulay was also a native of that county. Called to the bar, he was in turn magistrate of the Thames Police Court, of Hammersmith, and lastly of Wandsworth; and he graduated for such work—which he pursued between 1864 and 1889—by tracking down Macaulay. Paget was, or at least began life as a Whig, and he had admired Macaulay—until he came to have his doubts. He looked thoroughly into him, and at last, in the summer of 1859, when Macaulay was at the height of his fame, Paget rather timidly began a series of articles in *Blackwood's*, three of them appearing before Macaulay died in his chair in December of that year. Macaulay had felt the glare of Paget's bull's-eye lamp, for his diary contains a reference to Paget's "spiteful trash."

Paget tracked down Macaulay on six points—his treatment of Marlborough, William Penn, Viscount Dundee, the massacre of Glencoe, the Highlands of Scotland, and the Wigtown martyrs, and in every case he had no difficulty in showing that Macaulay had blundered badly. In the last three subjects Paget had been preceded by the acidic Mark Napier, a strong Episcopalian, but his own method was much more like that of a lawyer. Even Paget—who was attacked by the *Edinburgh*—was not flawless himself, for Mr. Churchill declares he was not justified in calling the notorious Mrs. Manley's *New Atlantis* as Macaulay's "own witness." But Paget had plenty of other statements to correct, and the ingenuity with which he ran the historian's authorities, often misquoted, to earth, and his discovery of counter evidence, makes most fascinating reading, although Mr. Churchill is quite conscious of the fact that Macaulay's "creative achievement—apart from the massive gift—must always far outweigh criticism however shrewd or needful."

Paget's main business was textual criticism. There remains to be written a psychological explanation of Macaulay's mistakes. These, it may be suggested, were due not only to his Whiggish bias, but to his passion for making things plain, picturesque and simple, as illustrated in those marvellous short, staccato sentences of his. But human nature is a complex thing which does not lend itself to reduction into a simple formula.

TRAVEL, HISTORY, AND BIOGRAPHY

AFRICA'S GARDEN OF EDEN

"Inland Waters of Africa," by Dr. E. B. and Mrs. Stella Worthington
(Macmillan. 15s.)

It is in Uganda, this Garden of Eden. You can reach it by road if you are unwise, but Dr. E. B. Worthington and his wife, Mrs. Stella Worthington, in their delightful descriptive book, *Inland Waters of Africa*, would advise the train to the jumping-off spot, the port of Kisumu, on Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Mainly within the Uganda Protectorate are a succession of great lakes, of which Edward, Albert, and Victoria are the most important. Beyond these, stretching into Abyssinia, is Lake Rudolf, almost, it might be said, a virgin country; where until the late expedition the natives had rarely seen a white man and had never set eyes on a motor lorry. The expedition, led by Dr. Worthington, and financed mainly by scientific institutions in England, included Mrs. Worthington as geographer, Mr. L. C. Beadle as chemist and zoologist, and Mr. V. E. Fuchs as geologist. Later the Worthingtons went on alone to study certain smaller Uganda lakes before coming home.

It would require a great deal of space to follow the expedition even in part. Its most interesting experience was, perhaps, at Lake Rudolph, where the party crossed over a dangerous sheet of water and discovered the remarkable fauna of Crocodile Island, itself the gigantic crater of a volcano. There the lordly crocodile, glutted with fish for the asking, were so tame that they not only clustered round the camp but would not move out of the way until they were kicked. When members of the expedition picked up baby crocodiles, who yapped like puppy dogs, the mothers took no interest, but let them be teased and played with quite unconcerned. They came into closer contact than many would relish with the hippopotami. *Inland Waters of Africa* is very attractively written and is fascinating and instructive from cover to cover. Every lover of travel and ethnology will do well to read it.

THE STORY OF A CROWDED LIFE

"Looking Back," by Norman Douglas
(Chatto and Windus. 16s.)

If one may say so, without offence, Mr. Norman Douglas has found a lazy way of writing an autobiography. He has picked up a bowl of visiting cards and proceeds to set down the memories the cards evoke. When his memory fails him he merely puts a query after the name of his caller.

He does not trouble to construct a consistent review of the events of his life. And yet one can appreciate the fact that this lazy manner suits Mr. Norman Douglas best. He never belonged to the order of book makers. He has made books and confesses to the fact penitently, but his heart was never in this form of slavery, and his tongue has always been in his cheek when necessity has compelled him to lower his standard of idleness and resort to mediocre labour.

He makes a strong protest against the drudgery that afflicted poor Edward Thomas, who had to produce two books a year to keep his head above water. Better keep a shop, observes Mr. Douglas.

The interest of this book never flags for it has the nature of good gossip. Some of the visitors paraded are, of course, disguised, but the author often gives a clue.

He also often gives a kick to the dead, and makes his anger so real and justifiable that one does not feel outraged. Mr. Douglas holds the view that people cannot be taken straight from life and put into fiction. That is why he has never succeeded as a novelist, he has not this particular kind of ability; but as a biographical essayist he is a master craftsman.

He looks back on a long and crowded life, of which

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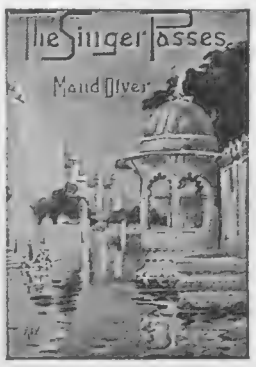
A NEW NOVEL BY
MAUD DIVER



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the most notable thing is that, despite contrary circumstances, he appears always to have done what he wanted to do. "I have arrived at a time of life when all men, no matter of what nationality or class, fall into the two main divisions: those who value human relationships, and those who value social or financial advancement. The first division enjoys its friends and strives to deserve their love; the second division uses its friends and strives to turn them to profit. The first division are gentlemen; the second division are cads."

There are evidences of some choice friendships in this book. He has lived pleasantly in Germany and Italy.

Who would not treasure the memory of having possessed a villa on Posilippo and, incongruous as it may seem, having seen Lord Rosebery catch a flea? "He had a look at it and then holding it at arm's length, dropped it gracefully on the terrace." A rare and bizarre moment, of which this meandering, button-holing book is full. C. R.

A LITERARY CONTROVERSY

Mr. Louis Marlow, author of *Swan's Milk*, has written the following letter to the Editor of THE SPHERE in which he challenges a statement made by Mr. Cecil Roberts in a review of his book. Mr. Roberts's reply is also printed below:—

TO THE EDITOR, "THE SPHERE,"
March 6, 1934.

SIR,

While I read parts of Mr. Cecil Roberts's review of *Swan's Milk* in your issue of March 3 with natural gratification I must write to remove the misconception that may arise from your reviewer's statement: "He leaves the walls of Radley bespattered with mud." I do not consider that my book does so bespatter the Radley of the 'nineties, but the following passage, prominent at the opening of a chapter, shows what stress I laid on the fact that I was not writing of the Radley of to-day:—

"The Radley that I write about is the Radley of nearly forty years ago. I must again emphasize this. I do not imply that the Radley of to-day resembles in any single respect the Radley of the 'nineties, and all that I hear convinces me past any doubt that she does not now at all resemble the old Radley in the one respect where most would regard resemblance as undesirable."

Yours, etc., LOUIS MARLOW.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SPHERE."
March 16, 1934.

DEAR SIR,

I have not replied earlier to Mr. Marlow's letter because I wanted to read over his book again to see how far I was wrong in my impression. It happens that three old Radley boys used in my presence the statement that he had "bespattered his old school with mud." This was certainly the impression I derived from *Swan's Milk*, and on re-reading I do not see how Mr. Marlow can expect to be relieved of this charge. It may not have been his intention to do so, but the suggestion of perversion, of a housemaster who was a sadist, who beat boys he fancied, of a hero who, at school, was not "successful," all these things are surely derogatory? Mr. Marlow himself now finds the Warden of Radley saying that his account has been taken by many to reflect on the school. The fact that Mr. Marlow declares that he writes of the Radley of the 'nineties, and not of to-day, was quite clear in his book, and it should be clear that I was reviewing his statements of the Radley of which he had experience, and not of the Radley of to-day. In fairness to myself I do see how I can retract. I quite understand Mr. Marlow's desire to dispel the impression of what might be termed his breath-taking frankness.

Yours etc., CECIL ROBERTS.

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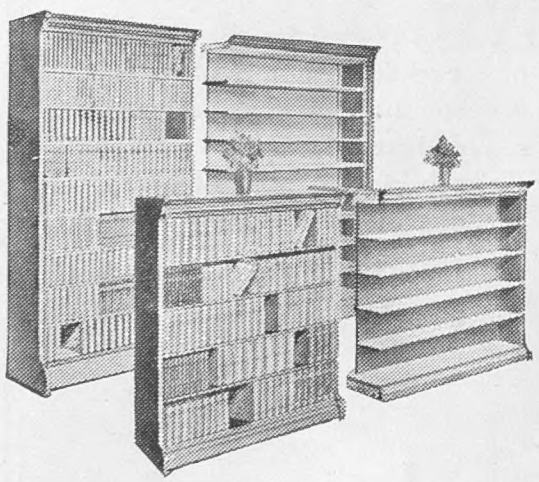

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Cork (Sicily).—In April and early May you would enjoy a holiday in Sicily. The Villa Igiea outside Palermo is an exceptionally fine hotel. The return first-class fare from London to Palermo is about £41. This includes first-class sleeping berths on the trains and on the overnight steamer from Naples to Palermo. If you do not wish to go as far south as Sicily we suggest you visit the island of Capri, which is reputed to be one of the loveliest places in the world. The 1½ hours crossing can be made very conveniently from Naples. The Hotel Quisisana, on Capri, is very good, and terms are considerably lower than at the Villa Igiea.

D., Carlisle (Torquay and Bournemouth).—We advise you to book as soon as possible for your hotel accommodation at Easter. At Bournemouth we can recommend the Brankesome Towers Hotel, while at Torquay the leading hotel is the Palace. There is little to choose between the two towns, as they are both equally popular holiday resorts.

P., Lincoln (Cruise).—The Orient Line's 20,000-ton steamer *Orontes* is making a very interesting twenty-four days' cruise in the Mediterranean, leaving Southampton on April 7. The *Orontes* will visit Spain, Morocco, Algeria, Turkey, Greece, Sicily, and Majorca. She is a most comfortable boat, and you will find the service excellent.

B., Plymouth (Rhine Valley).—As you will only be spending a week in Germany we suggest you confine your trip to that part of the Rhine lying between Cologne and Wiesbaden. You would find the following hotels very good: Godesberg, Rheinhotel Dreesen; Remagen, Hotel Fürstenberg; Coblentz, Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof; Boppard, Rheinhotel Bellevue; Wiesbaden, Hotel Schwarzer Bock.

Hints for Travellers

WEEK-ENDS IN PARIS.

Easter holiday-makers will be interested to hear of the "No Passport" week-end tickets now being issued by the Southern Railway. There is a substantial reduction on week-end tickets which, compared with the ordinary return fares, amounts to as much as 30 per cent. Tickets can be obtained for any of the various cross-Channel routes, and are available for all services, with the exception of the 11 a.m. via Calais. The validity of these week-end tickets extends from Friday to Tuesday, but passengers making the Easter week-end trip will be able to leave London on Thursday, March 29.

MORE CHEAP TRAVEL IN ITALY.

The Italian State Railways are making reductions of 70 per cent. on rail travel in Italy and Sicily and the following places: To Ferrara, from March 15 to June 10, on the occasion of the Exhibitions of Paintings; to Florence from April 20 to June 10; to Venice, from May 1 to May 20 and from July 1 to September 15; to Genoa, from May 25 to July 31, and to Rome and Rome to Naples concurrently up to April 21.

FLORENCE'S NEW GOLF COURSE.

A new and extremely fine golf course has just been constructed at Florence, about 6½ miles outside the town. The new course lies at an altitude of 600 ft., and provides another attraction to the always lovely and interesting town of Florence.

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The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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